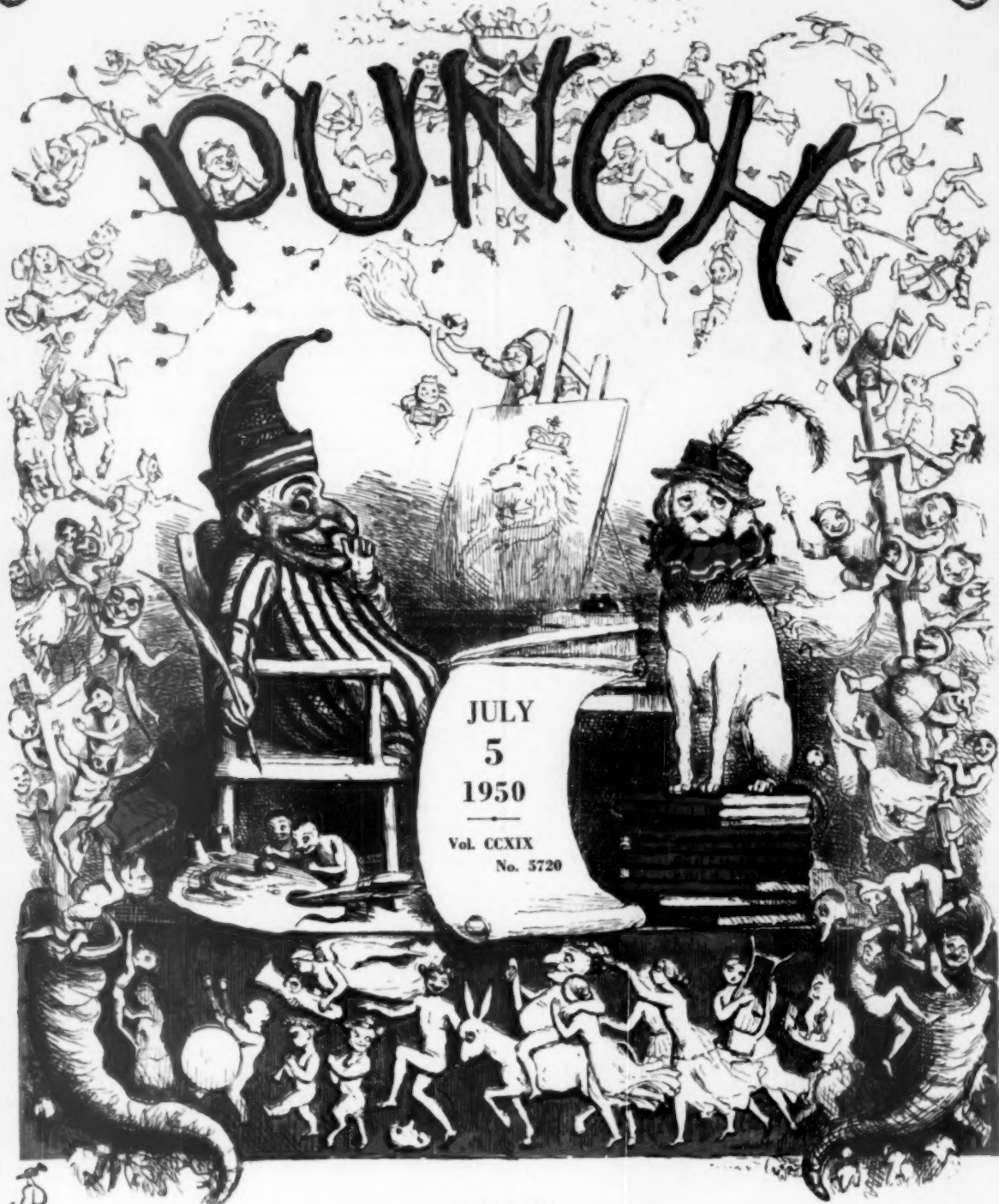
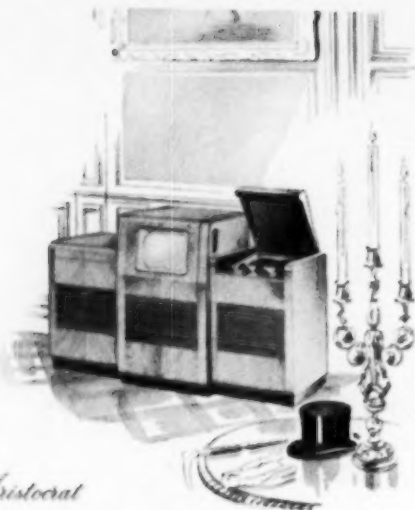


6^d

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIYARI—WEDNESDAY, JULY 5 1950

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



*The Aristocrat
of Radio and Television*

RGD

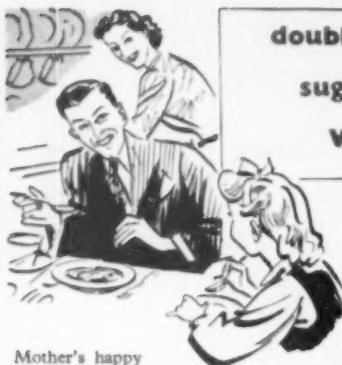
R.G.D. radio, television and gramophone consoles provide complete home entertainment. The connoisseur will delight in the high quality performance and beautiful appearance of these exclusive instruments. Your local R.G.D. retailer will be pleased to arrange a demonstration.

ACCREDITED DEALERS IN EVERY TOWN



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
MEDIUM OR MILD

[NCC 717]



**double
sugar in
Weetabix**

**PLEASES
THE ENTIRE
FAMILY!**

Mother's happy because she's saving sugar every breakfast—and sugar was a real problem till Weetabix doubled the amount! Dad's pleased because he likes to see young

Judy (quite apart from himself!) tucking into a nourishing breakfast she really likes. And Judy's happiest of all. "Super!" she says with her mouth full. "Sweetabix, I call it!"



FREE! There are lots of other ways of serving Weetabix, too. Write to Mrs. Crisp at 231, Constantia House, Burton Latimer, Northants for a free sample of Weetabix and a copy of her recipe folder.

Weetabix

— more than a breakfast food.

**WHEAT, MALT, EXTRA SUGAR
AND SALT—CRISPLY TOASTED**



**How to
increase
productivity
and cut
costs**



The report of the specialist team from Britain, which recently toured the factories of the United States, says of the fork lift truck:

"Here is a device of such importance that it warrants detailed study by all concerned with increased productivity."

You cannot afford not to know all there is to know about its possibilities.

COVENTRY CLIMAX fork trucks

For details of the Coventry Climax Models best suited to your needs, write to DEPT. 13, COVENTRY CLIMAX ENGINES LIMITED, WIDDRINGTON ROAD WORKS, COVENTRY





For country days
and restful nights

'Viyella'

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MEN'S SHIRTS
AND PYJAMAS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'DAYELLA' AND 'CLYDELLA'

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FAMOUS IN FIVE CONTINENTS



Riley for Magnificent Motoring

If you rate your motoring as a major pleasure you will delight in the new Riley. It is designed by enthusiasts for enthusiasts to bring you superb performance, luxury and safety. But above all—it has character all its own—character which has won a special place in the affections of motorists all over the world.

100 h.p. 2½ litre Saloon £958. Purchase Tax £266.17.2
1½ litre Saloon £714. Purchase Tax £199.1.8

Riley—as old as the industry—as modern as the hour

RILEY MOTORS LIMITED, Sales Division, COWLEY, OXFORD
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BORN 1820—

still
going
strong



JOHNNIE WALKER

A great Whisky from Scotland

MAXIMUM PRICES as fixed by The Scotch Whisky Association:

"RED LABEL" 23/4 per bottle, 17/5 half-bottle, 9/1 quarter-bottle, 3/6 miniature bottle.

"BLACK LABEL" 25/4 per bottle.



Candy Stripes

Lovely is a lady in this exciting new nightdress, created by Kayser Bondor in crisp, candy-striped cambric. How charmingly the stripes are arranged! They run across the bodice and waistband—cunningly curved to flatter the bust, and the long vertical stripes on the skirt give a sleek slimness to the figure. Even the stripes on the wide shoulder straps are cleverly contrasted. At the back, two sashes from the snug-fitting waistband tie in a big broad bow. And gay little frills on the bodice and hem give a delightful feminine finish to this very smartly tailored style. Price is just **49/11**. Other styles, equally enchanting, are available in Blue, Turquoise and Pink.

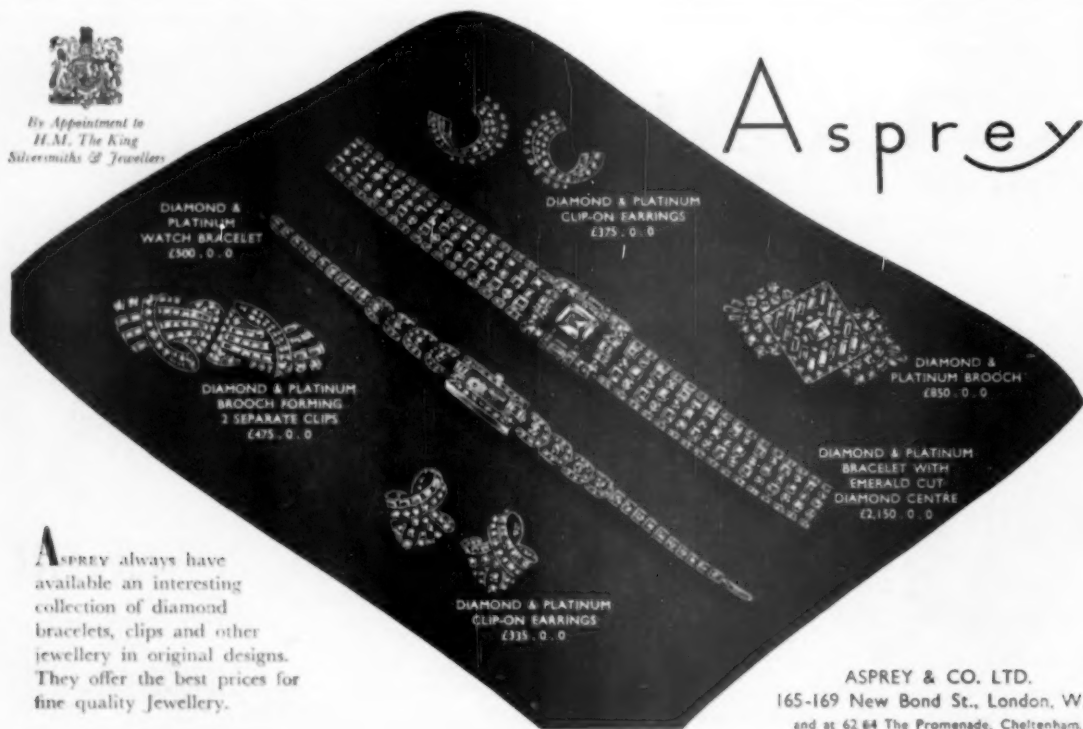
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H.M. The King
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'There's nothing to worry about'

No one can measure the relief felt by a mother on hearing the doctor's reassuring words. Even the most carefully cherished baby can pick up an infection, and it is then that the strength of the child is tested to the limit.

If, however, the child has been given a food made with infinite care and meticulous attention under the direction of medical experts—a strong resistance to the many ailments that can do attack young babies is built up. If the food is not as perfect as science can make it the opposite may unfortunately be the case.

The makers of Cow & Gate, during some forty years' experience, have always rigidly refused to compromise with cost at the expense of quality, being fully aware of their great responsibility.

No true mother will ever agree to an economy for her baby which might cause regret in later life. Insist, therefore, on COW & GATE and thus be sure that your child is equipped with stamina in babyhood, and perfect health with which to face the future.

Buy a tin of COW & GATE to-day and be proud of "This Cow & Gate Look." Twelve Royal Babies have already been fed on this Food of Kings.



COW & GATE MILK

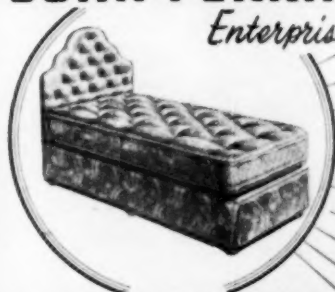
The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES

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**HATS
OFF**



TO

*Barker
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CAMEO CHOCOLATES

REGAL FRUIT DROPS



BARKER & DOBSON LTD., LIVERPOOL. Founded 1934.

It's nowadays in *Nylon*


Party-time underwear every day—that's nothing—just nylon.

No ironing, no shrinking, no wearing thin—
what of it?—it's *nylon*.

No scrubbing, no rubbing, dry in the
morning—well of course . . . we've
said . . . they're made
of *nylon*.

and



 British Nylon Spinners Ltd., Finsbury, Macclesfield, Cheshire.



Now—A TABLE TOP *Kelvinator*

FIRST NAME, LAST WORD, IN REFRIGERATION

HERE ARE A DOZEN OF THE
MANY KELVINATOR ADVANTAGES

Ideal height for use as table in small
kitchen or flat.

Ample capacity of 31 cubic feet for
the small family.

Over 6 sq. ft. of shelf room.

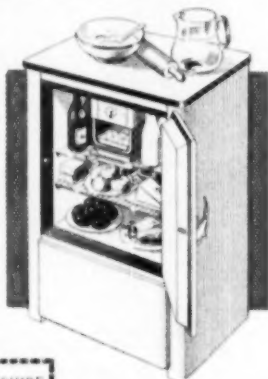
All Kelvinator's chief advantages at
a modest price.

Finished in gleaming white enamel,
hard to chip or stain.

Curved easy-clean corners.

Latest insulation—more cold for
less current.

Quick-freezer for ice cream and
storage of frozen foods.



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Please send illustrated folder of the 1950 Kelvinators.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

F.57

18 ice cubes always ready.

Powered by the quiet, reliable
Kelvinator Condensing Unit,
precision-engineered for years
of trouble-free service.

From a few shillings a week to
buy, less than 3d. a week to run.

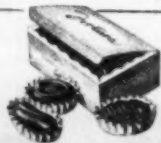
Easy terms willingly arranged.

Fortune
makes the heart
grow fonder



Made by
CALEY
OF NORWICH

Picture on the right:
Mallow and Delight,
Coffee Cream and
Nut Whirl—three of
the chocolates in
Fortune smartness.





eat well and keep slim...

Vita-Weat

by PEEK FREAN

Eat delicious Vita-Weat every day. It contains all the goodness of sun-ripened wheat in its most delicious form—it keeps you slim and well fed at the same time. Make sure you ask for Vita-Weat, your grocer has plenty.



By Appointment
To Her Majesty The Queen
The Royal Household
Buckingham Palace
Vita-Weat is a registered trademark of
Parker-Knoll Ltd., London



The long, dreary day has dragged on to its evening. You're leg-weary with shopping without much success. At last and at least you can have half-an-hour's ease in the Parker-Knoll, before John gets home to claim it.

The
CAMPDEN MODEL
Ask to see it at your local Furnishers. To be sure you get the genuine article, see that the salesman writes the name "Parker-Knoll" on your receipt.

Parker-Knoll

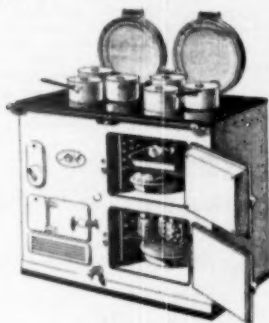
PARKER-KNOLL LIMITED · TEMPLE END · HIGH WYCOMBE · BUCKS

ONLY AGA

Regd. Trade Mark

*Gives you all
these NINE advantages
in ONE combined cooker
and water heater*

1. Burns *unrationed* coke and thus serves you independently and at full efficiency every day and at all times.
2. Fuel consumption *guaranteed* not to exceed 3½ tons a year; costs less than £4. 7. 6 a quarter for all your cooking and bath water, or less than 1/- a day.



3. The largest true boiling and simmering plates of any cooker on the market. Two enormous ovens (one roasting : one simmering).
4. Thermostatically controlled to maintain hotplates and ovens at the required cooking temperatures, *automatically*, without knobs or switches.
5. Gives you 3 *piping hot* baths a day and lashings of washing-up water all day long.
6. Stays in all night to give you a cosy kitchen and *immediate* service from first thing in the morning till last thing at night.
7. The shiny, vitreous, enamelled surfaces are cleaned in a moment with a damp cloth. *No moving parts to remove and scrub.* No flames to blacken utensils. No smoke or fumes. Nothing to burn out. Absolutely *safe*.
8. Every Aga is *guaranteed* for 10 years. In fact the Aga, with its massive chrome-steel fire-unit, lasts a lifetime.
9. Available on *Hire Purchase* over periods of up to 5 years but, by its saving of fuel, in most households it creates its own instalments.



Send to-day for free, 26-page "Saga of the Aga", fully illustrated in colour, dealing with all Aga models and including kitchen designs by a leading expert. Write to: Aga Heat Ltd., 2/10 Orchard House, Orchard Street, London, W.1. (Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.)

2/61. A DAY BUYS THE **AGA** AND PAYS FOR ITS FUEL

ESCAPE TO THE PAST

A Beau Banquet

BEAU DRUMMELL, who dictated the mode and set the pace for the outrageous Regency era, was not always exquisitely groomed, superlatively poised and signally fastidious. As a child, in fact, he attended a dinner where he distinguished himself in quite another fashion. The menu was magnificent. The fare was fabulous. Dish after exotic dish was disposed of with relish. Course after mountainous course was consumed with resolve. And towards the end of this dainty dinner the young Beau was discovered sobbing piteously.

"My dear boy," enquired a solicitous uncle, "what is the matter?"

"I cannot eat any more," sobbed the lad.

"Well, well," said the Uncle, "dry your tears my

brave boy and fill your pockets."

The wails of anguish grew even louder. "I can't, I can't," cried the future dandy, "they are full already."

• • •

Today, little remains of that age of lusty living. We can still thrill to the stately sweep of a Nash terrace or the flawless artistry of the Gold Salt Cellar by Cellini. But what further have we?

A hint of luxury survives in Perfectos Cigarettes. Made by Player's according to the finest traditions of that world-famous House, blended by the world's finest craftsmen, they are packed in boxes of 50 and 100. In an imperfect world, Perfectos Cigarettes are just about perfect.

"PERFECTOS FINOS"
CIGARETTES

TF12



If a slow-footed horse
fills you with remorse,
As all day you've not
had a win,

To make you feel fine,
and worth a gold mine,
Go—mix a
Lillet with Gin!



LILLET

The simplest and best cocktail is 2/3 Gin
and 1/3 Lillet (with just a dash of Orange
Bitters or a squeeze of lemon peel). It is
indeed le meilleur apéritif de la France.



TUTTS & BROWNINGS & HOLLOWAY LTD. 5, LANCASHIRE HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.4.

OUTSTANDING VALUE IN LIFE ASSURANCE . . .

A
REVERSIONARY BONUS

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PER ANNUM

and upwards

has been allotted per
£100 assured under With-
Profit Policies in force at
31st December, 1949.



ESTABLISHED 1844
EQUITY & LAW
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
20, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C.2

Don't pull your socks up!



Wear

Sphere

BROADWAY SUSPENDERS

SPHERE SUSPENDERS, BRACES, BELTS AND GARTERS
STAND PRE-EMINENT

A2506



For a treat today you are
going to the Zoo where behind the bars
you may see Accles & Pollock
tubes now monkeys aren't always as playful as you might
suppose sometimes they bite one another's tails and the
keepers have a lot of trouble persuading the little
monkeys to leave the bandaged wounds alone at least they
did until somebody had the bright idea of asking
Accles & Pollock to make some stainless steel tubes to go
over the bandages which all goes to show how so many troubles
come cleanly to an end when Accles & Pollock
climb into the picture and no
monkey business either.

Illustration: Courtesy of Mr. E. W. Langley and Messrs. Hooper & Co. (Coachbuilders) Ltd., London, S.W.2.



Whenever Export figures are quoted there comes the accustomed reference to 'expert British Craftsmanship.' But... have you ever stopped to ask yourself

"Who are Britain's Craftsmen?"

Introducing Ernest Langley. He started as a smith in 1899, specialising in coach building work. His hammer has shaped ironwork for undercarriages of Royal coaches and, in later years, luggage grids, seat fittings, structural ironwork and bumpers for the superb luxury cars included in Britain's impressive total of vehicles for Export.*

But... does craftsmanship mean only hand-craftsmanship? When the motor car industry adopted mass production, was craftsmanship

forgotten... even though it may no longer be easy to throw the limelight on one man, or one part of the process?

And must there not be craftsmanship at every stage if the finished article is to be a masterpiece? Monsanto think so and they follow this rule in making chemicals for a long list of British industries.

With chemicals for tanning, chemicals for paints and varnish, chemicals for wood preservation, Monsanto play an important part in the great body-building firms of the Car industry.

Monsanto make over 200 chemicals for use in industry. Of widely varying application, they all conform to the highest standards of craftsmanship in chemical manufacture.



MONSANTO CHEMICALS LIMITED
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ACCEPTED ON EVERY COURSE

as the World's
Finest Golf Cart

BAG BOY



INDEPENDENT SUSPENSION, RETRACTABLE WHEELS



AFTER PLAY
FOLDS AWAY
into your locker
or car.

BAG BOY has only to be seen and used to gain another enthusiast, and as it makes its debut on every course in the country—so the demand increases. Even the most critical golfers acclaim BAG BOY'S exclusive features—perfect balance on three-point 25" suspension, adjustable handle, ball-bearing wheels, air-cushioned 12" x 12" Dunlop tyres, AND INDEPENDENT SUSPENSION. After play the patent release buttons enable the legs to fold round the bag, the handle comes down and in six seconds, without undoing bolts, screws, etc., it is ready to carry or stow away into 13 1/2" x 9" space. Rust proof, weighs only 13lbs. GUARANTEED SIX MONTHS.

Ask your club pro. to show you one and order through him. Also available from Sports Stores.

£7.10.0

plus 6s. 12. 4
Purchase Tax.

U.K. Manufacturers & Exporters: A.C. CARS LTD., THAMES DITTON, SURREY



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of New Models

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IN MANY PARTS
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A range of new models that meet all requirements in the Electric Hammer field. The model "E" illustrated here is the Hammer for tough jobs, such as drilling holes up to 3" in diameter for the Builder and Heating Engineer.

in concrete and brick; heavy cutting away, etc. The model "F" for general purpose work. The light and powerful model "G" is especially designed for overhead work, scaling, caulking and vibrating.

KANGO

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Telephone: Liberty 4253/5.

The warning—

"Getting a bit thin on top, Sir"
the treatment—NUTRILINE



THOUSANDS of men have learned to use Pears Nutriline regularly, with great benefit to their hair. For Nutriline is remarkable. A Nutriline massage tones up the scalp and encourages the growth of new vigorous hair. Nutriline is mildly antiseptic too. If there is

dandruff, Nutriline will help to clear it away, often amazingly quickly. Though Nutriline's chief value is as a hair tonic, it is also an excellent dressing, pleasant to use (non-sticky, of course) and very helpful to the hair's well-kept appearance. Price 2/9 and 4/9.

If your hair is thinning—

use **NUTRILINE** now!

A *Pears* PRODUCT

REV 27/48c

The majority
of Britain's
Fine Cars and
Commercial
Vehicles are
Fitted with

BRAKES
DAMPERS
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GIRLING

THE BEST MARKS IN THE WORLD

* Maintain the Factory standard of efficiency by always insisting on Genuine Girling Spares. There's a Girling Service Agent in your District, ask him for details of the Dampner Replacement Service, also for genuine Factory Lined Replacements.

THERE'S AN AUTHORISED
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Bowater mark . . .

THIS IS A NEWLY registered trade mark—symbolic of the drive, integrity and world-wide service which are associated with the Bowater Organisation.

THE SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES of the Organisation in this country which sell the production of the Bowater paper and board mills, either in original or converted form, have been recorded, by entries made in the Trade Marks Register, as Registered Users of the mark.

IN ADDITION to being used to identify goods manufactured by or for its registered proprietors, the mark will appear on the properties and equipment of the Bowater Organisation and as an advertising symbol.



THE BOWATER PAPER CORPORATION LIMITED
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BOWATERS SALES COMPANY LIMITED
(registered proprietor of the trade mark for export markets)
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Every dinghy a motor dinghy

The fisherman who is blessed with a "Seagull" outboard never miss a second of fishing time by toiling at the oars against a headwind. And he can troll all day on a gallon of petrol, if need be. Thanks to the "Seagull," golden moments of opportunity seized add up to hours of contentment.

BRITISH SEAGULL

"The best Outboard Motor in the World"

THE BRITISH SEAGULL COMPANY LIMITED · POOLE · DORSET

fly **BEA** to Norway

NOW IS THE TIME!

Motoring? Yachting? Climbing? Fishing? Norway shows you the best there is, in the land where the sun shines all through the day — and most of the night.

No currency restrictions.

Direct services
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BEA there and back



BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

The **S.M. 1500**

Dignity, style and perfect balance. High performance cloaked in quiet good manners. Real comfort for 5-6 in a one-and-a-half litre. This is the S.M. 1500.

★ THE MOTOR: "... maintains a high cruising speed without apparent effort ... giving no impression of working hard when cruised indefinitely at 60-65 m.p.h."

SINGER MOTORS LTD · BIRMINGHAM AND COVENTRY · ENGLAND

FATHERS OF FORTUNE No.13



SWYNFORD's chief victories were the St. Leger and Eclipse Stakes. A training breakdown cut short his racing career.



SANSOVINO, who won the Derby, 1924, is grandsire of Tudor Minstrel.



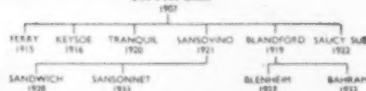
TRANQUIL, Won 1,000 Gns. and St. Leger in 1923.



SANDWITH won St. Leger, 1931, and K.T. 100 in 1933.

SWYNFORD was champion sire of 1923, and second champion for 1924 and 1925. Six of his sons won Classic races and one — Blandford — was three times champion sire.

SWYNFORD



Superlative performance over many years is needed to make good the reputation of a sire of winning bloodstock. The Horse of Cope, by the same test over a period of 55 years, has proved its mettle and its reputation beyond question. Cope's latest illustrated brochure fully describes their service. Write in for your free copy NOW!

DAVID COPE LTD. Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

You can depend on
COPE'S

It took 157 years



For seven generations Newton Chambers have been making tanks and vessels of all shapes and sizes in their Thorncliffe works. It was therefore a natural development that they should have been among the first to introduce plastic lined tanks which were acid-proof, solvent proof, and resistant to nearly all chemicals. In this and in many other projects, the experience of 157 years, flourishing within the stable Thorncliffe community, enables Newton Chambers to produce goods of an unremitting high quality.

Newton Chambers

& COMPANY LIMITED OF THORNCLIFFE, SHEFFIELD

IRONFOUNDERS · ENGINEERS · CHEMICAL MANUFACTURERS



Issued by The Cake and Biscuit Alliance Limited to remind you that biscuits simply cannot be beaten as a compact energy food.

CVS-231

IT'S
GOOD!



IT'S
JOLLY
GOOD!



IT'S
MONK & GLASS
CUSTARD



**JELLIES
TOO!**

Monk & Glass Table Jellies have
long been favourites for flavour.



Nation-Wide Distribution

The House of Whitbread has been famed for the quality of its beers for over 200 years.

These beers are brewed from the finest barley and hops, bottled solely by Whitbread, and distributed from their 31 depots placed in key centres throughout the country.

This combination of nation-wide distribution and close supervision ensures that your Whitbread reaches you in perfect condition, wherever you may be. Try some today.



PERFECT BREWING

PERFECT BOTTLING

by **WHITBREAD**



TOM

HIS slow, dull mind
 (you well may think)
 can only find
 sad pleasures,
 sink
 to dreary joys
 of "doms" and drink.

You do not see—
 for that is slower
 than even his speech—
 Tom's saurian wink.

In the machine-shop
 where the screech
 of tungsten-carbide
 cutting steel
 is counterpointed by the squeal
 of comet-spitting emery-wheel
 and the staccato
 sullen stammer
 of Nibelung-crashing
 Nasmyth hammer—
 that man-made, ponderous-seeming thing
 which crushes ingots,
 but could brush
 merely the bloom
 from a butterfly's wing—
 Tom thinks as fast
 as the cutter can shave
 mirror-smooth
 the lovely wave
 of a worm-gear.

And Tom can speak
 as fluently
 (albeit swearing)
 as oil goes into a heated bearing.

And Tom can judge a casting's weight
 by eye and thumb
 and rule-of-slate
 and shift it with the slings
 before
 the drawing-office calculate
 the safety-margin of the crane
 is insufficient for the strain.

The cuttings from the radial drill
 curl, stiff as a chrysanthemum.
 They rise like waterspouts,
 and spill
 in colours from straw-gold to plum;
 the Nasmyth hammers pound and throb;
 exquisite as a flower's petals
 micrometer and Vernier
 declare diameters of metals—
 and Tom, with love in mind and hands,
 lives in a world he understands.

But, when he estimates a "dom"
 do not draw false conclusions from
 the seeming-vacuous
 mien of Tom.

Nor ever mention in his hearing
 the poetry of engineering.

R. C. SCRIVEN

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS OFFICE

"I'm from the Press," said the reporter, "from the *Daily*—"

"Come right in, come right in, my dear fellow," said the third assistant P.R.O. of Corfu (Brand) Pumice Products. "What'll it be—whisky, sherry, gin, marijuana—just say the word. You'll be staying to lunch and dinner of course. Calthrop, the menu for Mr.—I'm frightfully sorry—"

"Browning."

"Of course. Forgive me, Mr. Browning. It's very good of you to spare us so much of your valuable time, but I don't think you'll be disappointed with the hand-out."

"What gives?"

"Well, it's terribly hush-hush at the moment, but I think you'll agree it's real hot news."

"Such as?"

"Tell me, how on earth do you chaps manage it? I've read all your stuff in the *Daily* whatsit and I think it's terrific. That last piece you did about—you know—now what was it? Tremendous! The boss thought it was dynamite."

"Sir Reginald?"

"No, the boss, the P.R.O., Lord Minting. Great fellow, Lord Minting. Revolutionized the profession of public relations, you know. Could you make a short para of that? I'd be grateful, very."

"How d'you mean?" said the reporter.

"Just like I said. Ten years ago, back in 1950, public relations were more or less in their infancy. You won't remember—can't be more than twenty-eight or nine, can you?"

The reporter laughed.

"I thought not," said the third assistant P.R.O. "Anyway, conditions in those days were shocking, crude. At Fortune Furniture—I was with Fortune Furniture then—the Press lounge was squalid. We'd invite the big dailies to send reps along for a release and just hope for the best. No limousines or planes to pick 'em up; no overnight accommodation or cabaret shows. Why, in those days the newspaper chaps were lucky if they got a few drinks and a handful of free cigars or nylons."

"Really?" said the reporter.

"That was before Lord Minting moved in. He joined the Ministry of Demand straight from the Chair of Aesthetics at Oxford, with a tax-free signing-on fee of £40,000 and a furnished flat in Putney. And was he worth it? Lord M. realized immediately that it isn't fair to expect newspaper chaps to attend Press conferences when they might be queuing for scarce commodities or collecting material for their autobiographies. So in 1953 he launched the first of his famous mid-week house-parties: instead of summoning the boys down to Whitehall for a sherry or two and a mimeographed hand-out he took them off to a lovely old place in Buckinghamshire. Everything laid on, of course—golf, tennis, private cinemas and so on. Terrific success. Everybody copied the idea—even the B.B.C. Then when he joined us in 'fifty-five Lord Minting (Bob Cawley he was then) switched his Press parties to the luxury yacht *Flykite III* moored off Bournemouth. Oh, those parties! *The Times* industrial correspondent used to rave about them. You might mention all this if you can find room. Do me a lot of good with

the old man. By the way, you'll be staying the night, won't you? I've taken the liberty of booking a box for you at the Gaiety."

"I must be back at the office in twenty minutes," said the reporter.

"Too bad, too bad. Well, have another whisky. And do help yourself to those fountain-pens: we get them specially for you boys."

"How about the story?"

"I oughtn't to say anything until you've seen Lord Minting. But if you *must* go! It's this way: we're opening a new retail branch at Tewkesbury to celebrate the firm's fourteenth birthday. You'll find it all in the release notice with the usual selection of write-up styles. Miss Dawlish, a copy of UX3/251 for Mr. Browning together with plans of Tewkesbury, the architect's drawings of the new storage rooms and a photograph of Lord Minting—the one with Yvonne Freiburg, the French film star. So sorry you have to go, Mr. Browning, but we know you'll be with us at Tewkesbury next month for the opening. Let me know how many nights you'd like accommodation for. And how about just one more for the road—or shall we say for The Street. Ha-ha, not bad, eh?"

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

BACK ROOM JOYS

QUOTING

VERY agreeable sensations
Surround the employment of quotations—
The nice aptitude of the choice;
The inverted commas in our voice
(A shade louder, slightly clearer enunciation);
Our generous mispronunciation
Of French (we were such a fool
At our Public School!);
And the small but piquant doubt
As to whether he'll know what we're talking about—
Though, on the other hand, recognition
Of our erudition
Is not only gratifying but commends
One's choice of friends.
It is our sole opportunity—
Provided we use a deprecating tone
To disclaim it as our own—
Of uttering blush-making sentiments with impunity;
In fact, well-restrained, it's high among civilized graces,
Like remembering π—to the first five decimal places.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



PACIFIC PRIORITY



"Why, Mrs. Johnson, I hoped you were going to bring your little boy with you again."

THE COSMIC MESS

"The Solicitor-General: Unless I am misinformed, there is an Act of George II which says that we must not use Latin terms in an English Act of Parliament, although I think I am right in saying that the words *vice versa* have been used."

Mr. Nield: The word *adversum* is also used.

The Solicitor-General: There may be other examples.*

My hat, there are! This column would hate to say that a Law Officer of the Crown could ever be "misinformed"; but on this occasion, certainly, Sir Frank Soskice was not so well informed as usual.

* Hansard, 19 June 1950, Column 932

The Act to which he referred (4 Geo. II, Cap. 26, 1731) was not concerned with Latin in Parliament at all, but with excessive Latin in the Law Courts.

The long title is:

"An act that all proceedings in courts of justice within that part of Great Britain called England, and in the court of exchequer in Scotland, shall be in the English language."†

It has a rather charming preamble:

"Whereas many and great mischiefs do frequently happen to the subjects of

† It was extended to Wales later

this kingdom from the proceedings in courts of justice being in an unknown language, those who are summoned and impleaded having no knowledge or understanding of what is alleged for or against them in the pleadings of their lawyers and attorneys, who use characters not legible to any but persons practising the law; to remedy these great mischiefs, and to protect the lives and fortunes of the subjects of that part of Great Britain called England, more effectually than heretofore, from the peril of being ensnared or brought in danger by forms and proceedings in courts of justice, in an unknown language . . ."

Fair enough. The point is well made. And it was accordingly enacted that:

"All writs, processes and returns thereof, and proceedings thereon, and all pleadings, rules, orders, indictments, informations, inquisitions, presentments, verdicts, prohibitions, certificates and all patents, charters, pardons, commissions, records, judgments, statutes, recognizances, bonds, rolls, entries, fines and recoveries, and all proceedings relating therunto, and proceedings of courts leet, courts baron, and customary courts, and all copies thereof, and all proceedings whatsoever in any courts of justice within that part of Great Britain called England, and in the court of exchequer in Scotland, and which concern the law and administration of justice, shall be in the English tongue and language only, and not in Latin or French, or in any other tongue or language whatsoever, and shall be written in such a common legible hand and character, as the acts of parliament are usually ingrossed in . . ."

The word "statute" makes a casual appearance in the long list, you see: but it does not, this column submits, mean there what we mean by a "statute" now—especially as "acts of parliament" are held up as models at the end. "Statute," according to the *O.E.D.*, was "applied to certain legal instruments or procedures based on the authority of a statute"—"Statute merchant", or "Statute staple", for example, the latter meaning a bond or recognizance. (Statutes, you will observe, come just before "recognizances" in the list.) "Dean Swift has had a statute of lunacy taken out against him" (1742).

So, with the greatest respect to the Solicitor-General, there seems to be no authority for the view that Parliament has forbidden itself to use a Latin word in any Act. If it had, it would have to confess that it has grossly disobeyed itself. Only twenty-two years later Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act was guilty of

the expressions "*non compos mentis*" and "*in facie ecclesiae*". In 1803 there was the Habeas Corpus Amendment Act. In the Reform Act of 1832 the alien expression *bona fide* is found. In the Matrimonial Causes Act 1857 even French—misspelt—appeared—"feme sole"! But matrimonial affairs lead the law and the language astray very easily, and in the same Act there is a lot about divorce "*a mensa et thoro*", "*in forma pauperis*", "*subpoena duces tecum*", and other Continental phrases. Three years later the "decree nisi" gained a place in the Statute Book, and what should we do without that? The Judicature Act of 1925 is full of foreign stuff—"pious judges", dear old "*a mensa et thoro*" again, "*mandamus*", "decree nisi", "*subpoena*" (as a verb!), "*interim orders*", ETCETERA. In the Marriage with Foreigners Act 1906 this column reads "*a caveat* is in operation": and there is a subsection about a "*frivolous caveat*". Section 3 (sub-section 2) of the Legitimacy Act, 1926, has a side-

note about "Ranking of legitimated children *inter se*". The Foreign Judgments (Reciprocal Enforcement) Act, 1935 (with which, of course, you are familiar) talks about "actions in *personam*" and "actions in *rem*": the Summary Procedure (Domestic Proceedings) Act, 1937, about "*proceedings in camera*."

Talking of foreign tongues, and the Act of 1731, what about this:

"ORDER NISI.—Application for a garnishee order nisi is made *ex parte* to the Registrar."†

And this:

"In these cases the maintenance order is usually made at the hearing of the cause and included in the decree nisi, the words '*dum sola et casta vixerit*' being usually inserted"††

Lawyers, in spite of George II, still talk and write a lot of Latin every day. Why not? There are many things which can be said much more quickly and neatly in Latin—"ultra vires," "*nem. con.*", "*ceteris paribus*", "*mutatis mutandis*", "*pari passu*", "*de jure*", "*ad hoc*", "*nolle*

prosequi", "*quid pro quo*", "*ipseo facto*", ETCETERA. Why should we not borrow as freely from the Latin as we do from the French—and the American? Almost any British shocker-reader can swallow (or even say) "*Cherchez la femme!*" Why should he shrink away in horror if somebody replies "*Cui bono?*"

But our main theme was Latin in Acts of Parliament. The examples given were the result of a mere glance at the Statute Book: and, without doubt, more serious study would reveal many more. So this column respectfully advises the advisers of the Solicitor-General to advise him better next time.

Except for "*feme sole*", this column cannot find any French in recent Acts of Parliament. We seem to have finished with that strange tongue Parliamentarily. But the French have the last laugh. For every Act of Parliament still receives the Royal Assent in Norman French:

"LE ROY LE VEULT".

A. P. H.





HAUTE COUTURE

DEAR READERS,—I am walking along the Champs Elysées, writing this in my head. I write most of my letters like this, usually though when having a bath, but never mind that now. The Editor has said that while I am in Paris I can go to a dress-show and tell you all about it! As long as I don't make it technical. That's what he said, and you can see what he means. He doesn't want people expecting a free paper pattern with the Almanack.

All right. I'll show him.

Well, now, I am half-way up the

Champs Elysées and crossing the Rond Point. (This is local colour and put in only to prove I really am in Paris.) I do it by tagging on to three or four citizens who look as if they have never been run over in their lives. Now we are across. We had to push one taxi to get it to stop, but here we are, and actually in the street I want, so I should stay alive at least until after the *présentation*. That is what I heard someone call this dress-show, so *Puis-je voir la présentation* would be all right, wouldn't it? Or is *présentation* not an abstract noun when it's clothes? By the way, I probably shan't be using much French because on my typewriter you have to put the accents in afterwards in ink.

Well, it worked. I just said "*S'il vous plaît*" when I got to the beach-wear under glass, and a kind girl in black broke into the prevailing language and asked another girl in black to take me upstairs. I understand this language amazingly well. I consider that the voice at the top of the stairs calling out "One hundred tree" is wasting its time.

I wonder if I am a hundred and two dresses late. I don't care. People who ask people to go and see things in Paris should remember that people are foreigners; I mean the people round them are, and that they walk everywhere because they are afraid of foreign transport. I shall be glad to sit down, though I don't see how I can, because this room holds no more than ninety-odd little gilt chairs and some ninety-odd people are sitting on them. They are packed round in three rows looking formidable, and when I get settled I shall study them analytically so that I can sum them up for you, in a single falsifying sentence, as Dress Show Audience type.

The girl is looking helpfully at a distant chair, but I am not going to walk across this room. People might buy my suit. Oh, you should have heard me then. I said *Merci* and *Pardon* too when I caught my sleeve-button on someone's eye-veil. Well, now, readers, here I am. All right, I said I was sorry, didn't I? What's one extra hole in a piece of wire-netting? Now, before I start work I shall light a cigarette. I need it, and lots of people are smoking. They all have ash-trays on stalks, all but me. I shall put the match-stick in my bag and not worry about the ash yet. Now for the dresses.

So I mustn't be technical, mustn't I? Well, all I can say is it doesn't make things easier for any of us. I only wanted to tell you that the dress I can see now has the kind of sleeves you do when you make coats for teddy bears, and the kind of skirt you get when you wrap the stuff round you before you cut it out. With a couple of technical words I could have explained the whole dress perfectly. But I won't. I've got my public, I mean the Editor, to consider.

Of course if you are a mannequin



six feet high and with a face like one you could wear a potato sack with a luggage strap round. I'm not saying the mannequins here do, but I do say they could. There are a lot of mannequins. I haven't sorted them out yet, but there are enough to keep going with never a pause except when they hang their coats on the empire in the doorway. You can see that mannequins think little of the human race. Some of them look so enigmatical that their faces must ache, but they are quite happy really. I can see through a door to where two of them are having a laugh about an umbrella.

I shall now describe how mannequins walk. If you were dressed up the way they are and you walked into a roomful of friends you wanted to show off to and you looked round the room, once in each corner, for something you knew was upstairs, then that would be roughly how. They kind of march, and swing on the turns. If they happen to be wearing a mink coat they sometimes knock an ash-tray over or swipe a spectator in the face. It's a wonder they don't catch fire.

The notes on my cigarette packet are so far:

Women

Ladder in 1 manneq's stkg

Buy stamps

Man in tie

The man in the tie, which was what I think of as an I Zingari tie and is therefore probably a Free Foresters, got up suddenly and strode across the floor. It was masterly. I should say he was going to have a drink.

People are fanning themselves with their programmes, which makes you hotter when you stop. The funny thing is that, although they are tremendously dressed up, with ornaments dotted about them and

hats and everything, not one of them could walk across the room the way that man did without looking as unlike a mannequin as I should. Well, perhaps not quite. We writers must be fair to our subject, and sitting among these women I do realize as never before what a simple bicycle-mending type I am. Still, I mustn't start brooding. I must turn my thoughts outwards.

Across the room I can see a woman keeping awake. It consists of alternately tilting sideways and coming up with a jerk. Next to her is a woman looking quizzical. At least for the first thirty dresses I thought so, but now I believe it is her face. Either that or she is doing a feature for the *New Yorker*. Next to her are three women on a sofa. They know each other. They are having jokes. This is their life. There is a world elsewhere, as Coriolanus said. It's a pity the women each side of me don't know why I am here, because then they wouldn't think I was writing down dress-details on my cigarette packet and going home to copy them. They don't know I *hate clothes*.

I wonder if I could get out after all. I could if I stood up and shoved. No, because the repercussions would spread through three rows, several chairs in each direction, and whatever faults we English have as a race, e.g. custard and licensing laws, we have got the decency not to draw attention to ourselves in the middle



of a *présentation* by one of the world's leading *couturiers*.

Clothes, clothes, clothes.

It's lucky I haven't got claustrophobia. At least, not pathologically.

I don't want you to think I'm not happy. I've just been noticing what a lovely afternoon it is and remembering that I'm going to a party this evening and that I got my dress ironed before the iron bust.

Really, these clothes are lovely. That one there, that's particularly lovely. And that one.

Look! These are the short evening dresses people talk so much about. Do you know what I think? That evening dresses come last in a dress-show, like shirts on a laundry-list. Here's a great long thing with a train. I do honestly believe—

There, I told you! They are all standing up and a mannequin dressed as a bride has got caught in the rush, but she looks as pleased as the rest of them. It's finished!

Well, readers, I enjoyed that. Not as an experience but for the clothes. They gave one some tremendously useful hints. I'll see if I can't fix that paper pattern.

ANDE



AT THE PICTURES

Treasure Island—Cairo Road

IT is not easy for the uninitiated to know the precise extent of WALT DISNEY's responsibility for what is called "the Disney *Treasure Island*"; entirely in "live action," it was directed by BYRON HASKIN and produced by PERCE PEARCE. Mr. DISNEY merely "presents" it. In theory, that could mean that he just put up the money which Mr. PEARCE laid out for him, but it is plain that he had at least a producer's influence on this latest version of the good old story, and the other people concerned must resign themselves to hearing him collect nearly all the praise for it. The other name mentioned (I hope we don't have to go into a paroxysm of literary indignation because STEVENSON's name is in smaller type; when something has been adapted from a literary original, there would be no less reason to object if the writer's were the name most emphasized) is likely to be that of ROBERT NEWTON, who rolls and roars his way through the part of Long John Silver with spectacular and infectious gusto. To be sure, he makes use of an accent that could be cut several times with the same knife, usually in a westerly direction (I never heard the *r* so assiduously burred in so many words where it isn't there at all—"sea-carrf," for

instance, and "thorrrt," and more than once in "Jim 'Orrikins") but who cares? There is nothing wrong with the main lines of Mr. NEWTON's performance: the vitality and the villainy are there all right. BOBBY DRISCOLL, probably rather younger than the usual notion of Jim Hawkins (but a handy size for the apple-barrel), seems perfectly in character, and the Squire, the Doctor and the Captain are very satisfactory personifications for all not irretrievably committed to some youthful vision of these personages. (I suppose nearly everybody thinks he is so committed; but I believe that only by a grim effort of will can such preconceptions be held on to after the first few minutes.) Visually the film is pleasing throughout, night scenes (with blue, boiling, foam-marbled sea, or black rigging against the sky) being the most memorable. On the whole, I think, a great success. It interests and irritates me to think of those people who will undoubtedly claim that the whole thing is upset for them because of one small unobtrusive American accent.

The attempt in *Cairo Road* (Director: DAVID MACDONALD) was presumably to do a sort of Suez-Cairo "Blue Lamp": to show the work of the police in a district

*[Cairo Road]*Brow of Egypt
CAMELIA

where the typical crime is connected with the smuggling and sale of narcotics. The best things in it are the documentary-style glimpses of what really goes on (much of it was made on location with the help of the Cairo City Police, the Egyptian Coastguards Administration and other authorities); its worst handicap is a script in which every other scene seems to end with some such dramatic remark as "We'll soon see!" or "That's what we're going to find out!"—by which most of us are at this late date left about as little agog as it is possible to be. ERIC PORTMAN appears as Colonel Youssef of the Anti-Narcotics Bureau, making his Egyptian impression with the intermittent help of a kitten on the desk and (out of doors) a fez. The plot is essentially standard law-*v.*-crime stuff, but such scenes as the "screening" of camels in case they have been compelled to swallow packets of hashish have the tang and interest of authenticity.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The best London programme still seems to me to be the Academy's, where the fantastic little French comedy *Adieu Leonard* is showing with a revival of the witty, no less fantastic British one *Kind Hearts and Coronets* (6/7/49).

Best new release is *The Dividing Line* (17/5/50), which although on the ominous theme of racial intolerance is most satisfyingly done and full of sparkling detail.

RICHARD MALLETT

*[Treasure Island]*

Baby-sitting

Long John Silver—ROBERT NEWTON; Jim Hawkins—BOBBY DRISCOLL

QUADRANGULAR TALK

VISITING an ancient university city, we enter its colleges apprehensively, for we are but tourists, and there is an atmosphere about a college in an ancient university city that keeps even a tourist in his place.

We are no less apprehensive on entering our tenth college than we were when we entered our first, and we are astonished by the deportment of a pompous man who enters the college ahead of us, who does not seem to be apprehensive at all. With his friend he strides through the lodge into the quadrangle. He disregards the notice which forbids him to walk on the grass, and marches boldly on to the lawn, dragging his friend with him.

He speaks so loudly that we can hear his words distinctly. On reaching the centre of the lawn he says to his friend "You can see the window from here. I had those rooms over there."

Now we understand. Unlike the rest of us, he belongs to the place.

How, I wonder, does he remain so unmoved on revisiting the scene of his distant youth?

I picture him young and not pompous at all, running up the steep college stairs, taking them three at a time. I see him in a hurry, as undergraduates always are, rushing round to borrow a gown because he is late for a lecture; rushing round to find his cricket bag because he is late for a game. I see him smartly dressed in tails with a carnation in his button-hole and a lovely girl on his arm between dances at a Commemoration Ball.

Look at him now, so staid and pompous. Has he forgotten about being young?

"When were you here?" his friend asks.

"From 'forty-two to five," he seems to say. But we must have misheard him. From 'twenty-two to five, perhaps. Or even from 'nought two to 'nought five.

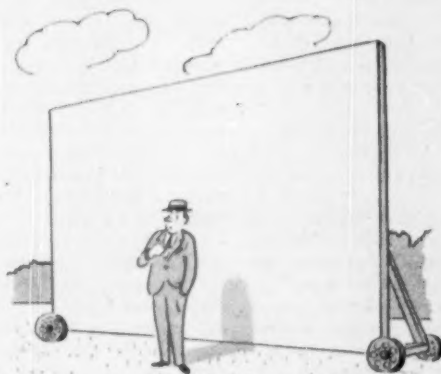
But no. His friend is asking him, perfectly distinctly, "What happened in 'forty-five?"

"In 'forty-five," he says, "the Ministry moved back to London."

THE COMMENTATOR

A GENTIL traveller us rad bi-side,
And was a broodcastrer both fer and wide
Of sondry thinges right as they bi-falle
Up-on the felds, at playe of batte and balls;
And every-wher men waited on his wordes
Fro Trafford or the Oval or from Lodes.
Of reyne wolde he speke, and dewe, and sonne
Up-on the pytche, and how the toss was wonne.
He rekned wel of eche teem the strengthe;
And tolde of everichoon his age and lengthe,
His statur, and his ful complexioun,
Or if his lokkes crulle were and broun.
Whan that the bowlere mad his roune, pardee,
His steppes wolde he compton, one, two, thre,
And crye "He bowles," and gaspe, and after speke
Of googelye or swerve or legge breke.
He kepte wel the batteres howre by howre,
And seyde if they were out, or made a fowre,
Or wolde flikken at the offe balls.
Of slip he spak, and fine leg withalle,
And sely point, and how men wolde it stoppe
Whenas the battere smoot a longe hoppe.
Oft-tymes at Over wolde he seye the score,
Though he had told it twenty times bi-fore,
For men might nat han herkned, troth to telle;
Cler was his voys and souning, lyk a belle.
About his sholdres broode he had a las
Wher-on was doun y-honge an y-e-glas.
A maister was he, as it semed me;
James was his name: with him were stooges thre.

G. H. VALLINS



McKinnon

"Me?"

MY DIARY

"... One of her odd parties, in which the guests seem to be invited at haphazard. There was a scrubby little man who turned out to be the King of Portugal."

"Went down to the shore. Great many gulls about. Mended my lighter when I got back."

I hope I shall not be considered presumptuous in venturing to couple a quotation from the *Diary of a Dean* with one from my own modest record. (Dean Inge's is the first passage.) The fact is that I have determined so to write my diary in future that when the time comes I shall have no difficulty in finding a publisher, and I quote the passages to draw attention to deficiencies in my work which I hope to remedy.

It is at once obvious that the Dean has managed to get a bite into his prose which is not found in mine. How is it done? Let us consider a few more extracts. (My readers may like to puzzle out for themselves from whose diary each is taken.)

"Thinking it might be dirt in the carburettor, I unscrewed a piece of the mechanism and blew down it, but it turned out to be the wrong part."

"We lunched with the Asquiths; no one else there except Lord Hardinge of Penshurst. 'Poincaré is clean-handed, but an unscrupulous liar and a bitter enemy of England.' I said 'Is Clemenceau clean-handed?' He looked grim and made no answer."

"Joe said you could always make money by backing the four top-weights, and I tried it but was badly down."

"I asked him if Gordon could 'have been saved if Wolseley had taken the Suakin-Berber route, but he was deaf and did not hear."

It will be noticed that two of these passages contain several famous names. These, as my readers will probably have guessed, are taken from the Dean's diary. As regards the subject matter there is little to choose, and its interest will vary with the type of reader. The keen motorist, for example, once he has realized that the reference to Wolseley's route has nothing

to do with some reliability trial or other will probably skip the passage altogether, whereas he is pretty sure to read every word about my carburettor. It is the names, then, that make the difference. Let us prove this by re-writing the extract from my diary quoted at the beginning of this article:

"Went down to the shore. Great many gulls about. When I got back I found that a talkative stranger had more or less forced his way into the house, introducing himself as the Duke of Toboggan. 'Stalin could throw an army across the Black Sea as easily as you or I could throw a potato; but his hands are tied.' I said 'What about Molotov's hands?' He made no reply, but drew the end of his tie from his waistcoat, flipped it over his right shoulder and thrust out his hands, palms uppermost, smiling wryly. I nodded significantly, though I was not sure of his meaning. Later he mended my lighter."

One cannot deny that it makes a difference.

Now I will stick to nothing to get my diary published, and if famous names I shall have. There are, I think, three courses open to me. First, I could set myself to scrape acquaintance with notabilities. The difficulty here is that nowhere but in London are the famous concentrated in really great numbers. I live in the north and my days are fully occupied. There is a train, I believe, at about half-past five, but I should be lucky if I were at work much before ten, which would leave only a couple of hours before I had to drop everything and rush to Euston to catch the 12.30 a.m. home. However great my hardihood, many a night might well produce nothing but half a dozen rebuffs. Years might pass by, with hundreds of pounds going out in fares, sandwiches and cups of tea, and perhaps not enough coming in to fill a couple of pages.

Next, I could assume a familiarity which I did not in fact possess—in this way:

"At the Kremlin again. What

a dear fellow Molotov is! I was with Stalin, who was in high spirits, insisting on balancing a couple of samovars on top of the half-open door in such a way that they would be certain to fall on the head of the next person to enter. The victim proved to be Molotov, and we all burst into a roar of laughter as with a tremendous crash and a deluge of hot water he was felled to the carpet. He was up in a minute, laughing as loudly as anyone."

It seems to me that this would make a good enough entry, but it is ten to one that some interfering busybody would be off to Stalin or Molotov like a shot, and an outright denial, even from behind the Iron Curtain, might well lead to a distressing exposure of the whole book.

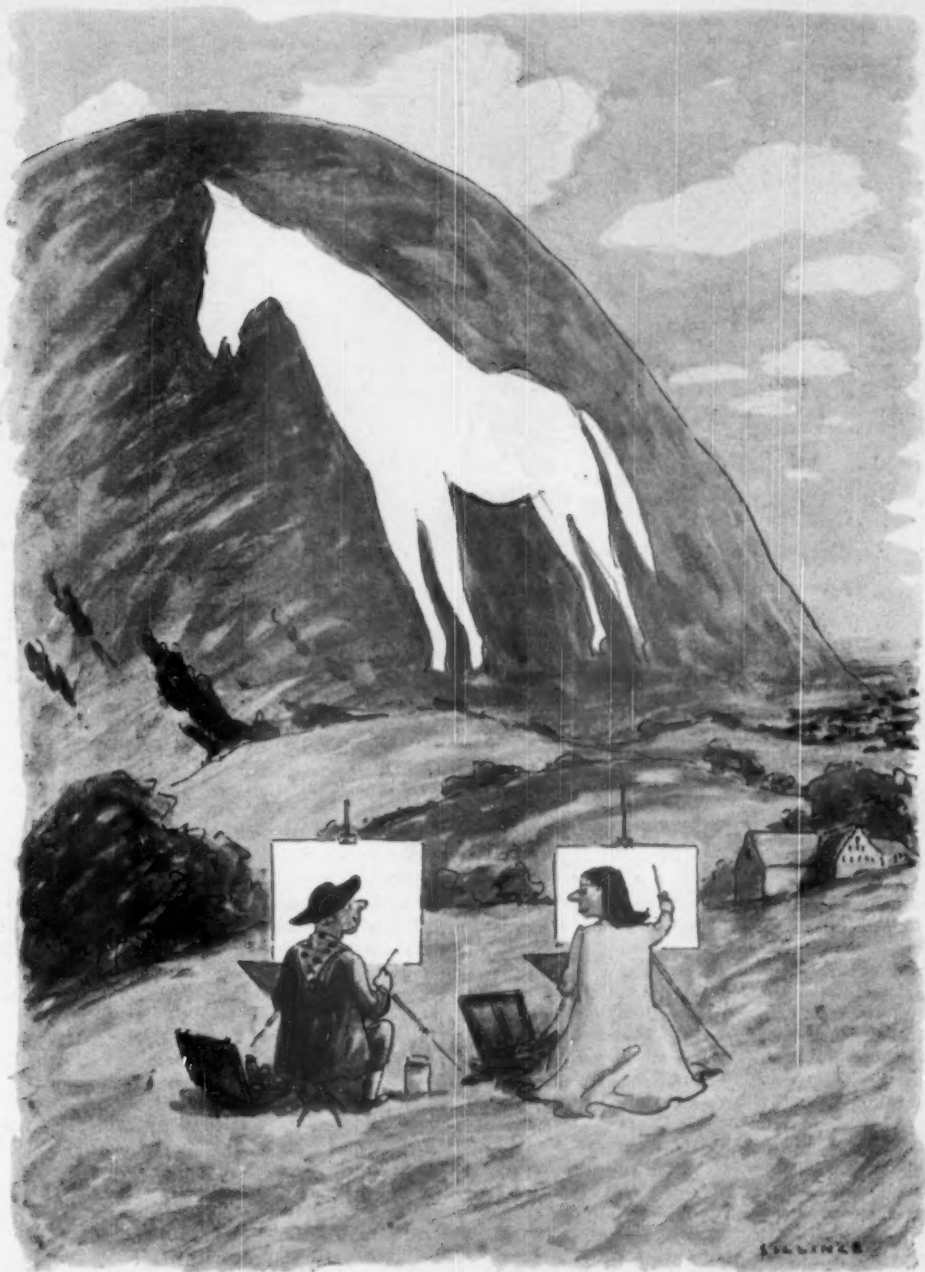
The third course, and the one which I have decided to adopt, is to introduce my names by means of imaginary correspondence. I should quote from the letters of all sorts of celebrities, but the extracts would deal entirely with trivialities. The purpose of this will be made clear in a moment. A typical extract might run as follows:

"Tried to get some cream. Olivier wrote 'The Masked Viscount was surely the best exponent of the Eastern toe-hold ever seen in this country. For spinal friction I doubt if anyone was more feared than Alpo the Awful Accountant.' I question the second opinion. The Mad Mandarin brought a delicacy to his work which was fully as effective as Alpo's power."

The reason for the triviality of the subject matter is now plain. It is a safeguard against exposure. We may be sure that Sir Laurence has to deal with an exceptionally heavy mail, and he would be hard put to it to deny outright that he had on any occasion entered into a correspondence about the finer points of all-in wrestling.

On this extract, then, I intend to model my diary. I should be the last to expect that it could in any way rival Dean Inge's, but I do think that in this form it should stand a good chance of publication.

T. S. WATT



"What a lovely subject for dear Sir Alfred."



"Well, it's not my idea of 'Trips round the Lighthouse' . . ."

PLEDGEREE

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT

PAWNBROKER. One tiara, one cuirass and the uniform of an Ekler Brother of Trinity House. What an odd collection for a Dean to deposit.

ASSISTANT. When you have seen as much of Life as I have, nothing will surprise you. I have been shipwrecked in the Serpentine and rescued by a Lithuanian nannie of some eighty winters. I have beaten cardsharps at snooker and had proofs of my poems corrected by a cell-mate in Wormwood Scrubs. I, there is no need to remind you, was serving my time for doping cheetahs. Not once or twice in my rough Highland story—

PAWNBROKER. What on earth have you been doing? You can't let them pawn title-deeds; that's poaching on the banks' preserves. And all these brooches you took this morning are paste. Diamond brooches don't come in cartons, nor by the gross.

ASSISTANT. The depositor said they were diamonds and added the remark "See me wet; see me dry," which I took to be binding, morally if not legally.

You really cannot expect me to master a complicated trade like this in two days, however wide my general experience may have been. It took me a month to pass my semaphore at the very lowest standard and three weeks to read Gibbon.

PAWNBROKER. I'll never take a living pledge again. Three pounds fifteen I paid on you.

ASSISTANT. He'd have taken three pounds ten. I was not, I frankly admit, a success as an apprentice. Cordwaining made me so *ennuyé* you would scarcely credit it. I just sat in the shop window and yawned. My yawns were so infectious that nary a passer-by escaped, and the Bayswater Road looked as never before or since.

Enter a VEILED WOMAN

VEILED WOMAN. May I pop a wee trinket?

PAWNBROKER. Hmm. Scarab in lapis lazuli. Twenty-eighth Dynasty. A bit late, but I can let you have a couple of bob on it.

ASSISTANT. Don't lose it all at Canasta.

VEILED WOMAN. My vice is crystallized fruit.

[Exit

Enter a POLICE CONSTABLE

POLICE CONSTABLE. Have you ever seen a man looking like this photograph!

ASSISTANT. Not even in nightmares.

POLICE CONSTABLE. Well, if he tries to deposit a blood-stained chopper, a stick of gelignite and a tin of weed-killer give us a tinkle.

PAWNBROKER. Now you are here, can we sell you anything? These unredeemed pledges do pile up so. What about a pair of mother-of-pearl opera glasses? They would be useful in keeping suspects under observation.

ASSISTANT. Also for operas. By using a very powerful pair I once saw that the ends of Mephistopheles' moustaches were vulcanite.

PAWNBROKER. A cavalry sword? Some dice? A wooden shield saying "Cock House"? There is plenty here if only you would stop being reticent about your tastes.

POLICE CONSTABLE. If I did want anything, which I don't, it would be a conjuring trick, preferably involving a bird-cage.

ASSISTANT. There's a pack of cards somewhere. I have known people who could do a conjuring trick with that. One of them sailed with me before the mast; they mailed it and it caught us up in Rio, up to which point we had to rely on steam.

PAWNBROKER. Conjuring is not all that different from ventriloquism. We have a very well-made doll. It represents a Kate Greenaway character, and if you pull the right string it will leer.

POLICE CONSTABLE. I'll just take that nest of occasional tables and be off. Do you mind if I don't haggle? I'm late for going off duty.

PAWNBROKER. It seems a poor choice, but I suppose the customer is always right. They're all gate-legged, mind.

POLICE CONSTABLE. I mustn't forget the photograph. The Yard has only got it on appro. [Exit

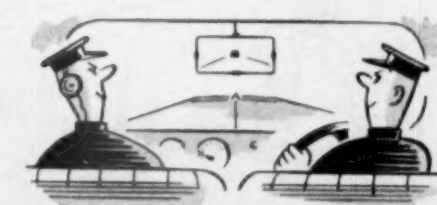
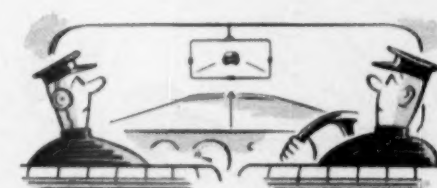
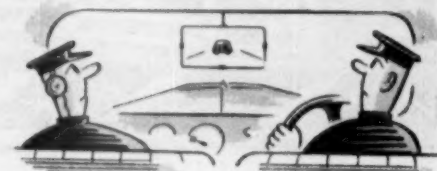
ASSISTANT. When I was in the Mounties we always got our man, but I suppose customs are different in different Forces. Would you like me to value the stock for you?

PAWNBROKER. You can start on these sacks of white powder, which were deposited by an investment trust called "The Little Brothers of Leadenhall Street." I have often wondered what the stuff was. Sometimes I think french chalk and sometimes it seems to me that the probabilities veer towards tartaric acid.

ASSISTANT. Anyone with half an eye could see it is cocaine. We had to be used to solving problems by inspection in the Public Analyst's Department at Lough Cuchulain—sure an' wasn't all the grant for apparatus spent on fine leather bags, the like of which a man would never see if he lived under this roof till Judgment Day.

FINIS

R. G. G. PRICE



DAVID LEWIS DODD



ABOUT ULYSSES

w...derings Ulysses came
 rr... to live upon his fame,
 er... his townsmen's pride;
 o... grim and dauntless-eyed.
 t... he thrilled them when he

-a... homes misunderstood,
 re... nces anoa
 ;... then a man to shun!
 e... ould be but one more
 z... ngers by the shore;
 h... h, and who is he!"
 h... was at sea."
 lf... oubted of the truth
 in... his receding youth,
 o... d known him as a child
 ell... 'tales, and hearing smiled.
 ae... of aimless ease,
 an... his town of bees,
 he... h; tire of the chat
 di... ssing this and that,
 asi... ous spell,
 h... e he did too well,
 a... their rustic throng—
 in... reams the sirens' song!
 ar... g legends say,
 t... local one briek day;
 t... shingle, where he drew
 his... ble, vanished too—
 iqt... faith which knew no ebb,
 not... r web.

W. K. HOLMES





PRIVATE YOUNGHUSBAND'S DILEMMA

OR SAVED BY SSAFA

PPRIVATE YOUNGHUSBAND is a nice young man conscientiously peeling potatoes, spitting on his boots and fulfilling the other primary duties of a soldier, in a remote part of England. He is an exemplary family man, but three hundred weary miles separate him from Gladys and little Bert, and the imminent advent of a fourth Young-husband is much on his mind. Not only is cash short but the idea of Gladys coping alone in a London slum worries him to death.

One morning a letter from her—no layette for the baby, and the pram's dropped to bits—drives him to see the major, who fortunately knows his way about. He rings up the H.Q. of SSAFA—the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association. When Gladys gets a note, inviting her to the nearest branch, she hesitates, having had her fill of answering silly questions across official counters; but once inside the branch she feels quite differently. The lady in charge is sympathetic. A complete layette and a pram that even a man wouldn't be ashamed to push are whistled up by magic. And the next letter in Private Young-husband's mail transforms him into a potential field-marshal.

This is the human story, happening every day, that Mr. Punch's Artist has illustrated. But there is even more to it than that. In the face of such genuine kindness Gladys begins to talk. She has had a grim first year of marriage, living in

an attic over long-faced in-laws; and now that at last she has a place of her own it consists of two damp, bug-infested, gas-lit rooms with one cold tap and only a cracked sink in which to deal with Bert. What worries her most is what she will do with him during her confinement. So at this point SSAFA gets busy. By honey and persuasion a slightly less loathsome flat is wrung from a harassed housing officer; a bed is booked in a maternity ward; and Bert is fixed up temporarily in a children's home. In future Gladys will bring all her troubles confidently to SSAFA, a service for which of course she pays nothing; and similarly her husband knows the answer to anxiety. If you are in touch with Citizens' Advice Bureaux you will see at once that SSAFA branches cover almost exactly the same ground, though specializing in the needs of the families of those either in or out of uniform. There are fifteen hundred branches in Great Britain, Ireland and overseas, staffed by fifteen thousand voluntary workers. As social legislation continues to grow bulkier and, to people not gifted with second sight, less intelligible, and as the poisons of the housing shortage continue to corrode, the guidance given by them to puzzled men and women cannot be over-rated. Yet it is only a part of the work of SSAFA.

Where the British Legion deals only with ex-servicemen, and less generally with their domestic prob-

lems, and the Forces Help Society confines its assistance specifically to the man himself, SSAFA's field is service and ex-service families. It began in 1885 with work among the dependants of the Second Egyptian Expeditionary Force. During the Boer and First World Wars SSAFA's activities were still mainly charitable. With the last war, however, when welfare became of the first importance, it shouldered an immense task. The Overseas Enquiry Service, started to supply men with news of blitzed families, quickly became a vital link between troops abroad and their relatives. Branches were opened in all commands, and this wonderful stiffener of morale was described by the War Office as an operational necessity. Other aspects of SSAFA's work from 1939 to 1945 were the foundation of short-stay homes to which children could go in emergency, and the distribution throughout the country of great quantities of clothing sent us by America and the Empire.

Peace, so-called, and the coming of the Welfare State have changed, but not diminished, SSAFA's responsibilities. The Overseas Enquiry Service goes on. When the Army Welfare Service was cut to ribbons the Association, at the request of the War Office, undertook the heavy and costly business of checking up at the family end on all demands for compassionate leave, though receiving no Treasury grant for its pains. SSAFA's nursing sisters (the Alexandra Nurses, who looked after family health in garrisons) have now



been taken over in this country by the local authorities, but abroad their numbers increase. The Clothing Branch is still active. The passing of the new Children Act has made no difference to the pressure on SSAFA's children's homes, but for lack of money these have had to be reduced to one.

Two other items on the Association's list show how seriously it takes its job. Other ranks' families, obliged to stay in London, found hotel bills crushing, and the Married Families' Club meets this difficulty with forty-one rooms, giving bed and breakfast for six-and-sixpence. Hardship, however, being nowadays by no means confined to other ranks, there is also a separate Officers' Branch, empowered to allot small grants to widows and unmarried daughters and to assist them through two excellent institutions, a block of seventy-nine flats at Wimbledon, where they can live rent-free, and a residential home at Camberley.

Like so many of those it helps, SSAFA lives from hand to mouth. It is a charity, dependent on voluntary contributions, and has to spend its income to the hilt. That its expenses are formidable can easily be imagined if you consider the cost in cables and trunk-calls alone of, say, dispelling without delay a critical domestic headache in the West of Ireland that is making an airman in Hong Kong a liability to his unit. Because its machinery for family investigation is unique, Government departments lean on it extensively (as well as listening to its advice); but although the State

is thus saved an enormous annual sum Treasury grants to SSAFA are negligible. One of its most important functions financially is as a channel for large portions of the benevolent funds, both central and regimental, of the three Services, which have learned to trust its judgment. Part of the strength of the Association is that even at branch level money is kept in the kitty for immediate use in urgent cases.

Above all else it is this infinitely patient and friendly help given by SSAFA to individual families in trouble which makes it a social service of outstanding merit. Its elastic and resourceful methods and the selfless spirit of its voluntary workers could never be successfully imitated by any State organization. While we should be foolish to cry down the benefits of recent Acts it would equally be a mistake not to admit that these leave great gaps, and have caused by their complexity much confusion. SSAFA is there to minimize both. Of all the problems that come its way housing constantly tops the list. And when we remember that many families now existing in purely animal conditions have no hope of better living, at the present rate of building, for as much as twenty years, its future is likely to be busy.

Elastic methods? Listen to this. A soldier given embarkation leave told his C.O. he wanted to be married in his village next morning, but that certain common preliminaries had been neglected. SSAFA went bravely into action. Its proposal was accepted, a special



licence laid on, and the soldier married five minutes after his arrival.

I doubt if even a National Proposals Board could have handled so nice a matter with such masterly dispatch.

ERIC KNOWN

THE POINT OF VIEW



AFTER a good deal of reshuffling of the available seating accommodation the Miscellaneous Queries Bureau is at last beginning to assume an air of stability. The position now is that Pinmill occupies the well appointed inner room overlooking the park; Dibdin, his deputy, has the ante-room with the view (rather restricted) of the bend in the river; and the rest of us are fairly comfortably installed in the general office, with its view (uninterrupted) of the blank wall of the eight-storey office building across the courtyard.

At first Oxshott, who has a tendency to melancholia, was rather depressed. He complained that the room is too dark to work in. The acknowledged authority on such matters is Chopleigh, whose first six weeks' service with the Council were spent in opening the post in the Architect's Department. Chopleigh said no, the room conformed to the new angle of light.

This drew a protest from Dibdin, who had looked in to see if we were all quite comfortable, and also to supervise the transfer of a rather handsome desk to his own room.

"Hang it all," said Dibdin, "light has been behaving in a perfectly uniform manner for millions of years. Are you asking me to believe that it is acquiring new habits?"

"The angle of light," explained Chopleigh, in a tone from which respect did not entirely banish condescension, "is the angle subtended

between the plane of the horizontal and the plane formed by the ridge or parapet of the nearest adjacent building with the eye of the beholder. When this angle does not rise above a certain maximum—or should it be fall below a certain minimum? Anyway it's one of the two and it's governed by bye-laws—then such a room is statutorily fit for occupation for any trade or profession—"

"I still think it's dark," said Oxshott.

"—other than those of optical lens grinder, scientific instrument maker, watch-repairer and the like," finished Chopleigh.

"I still think it's dark," said Oxshott.

"Or let me put it in another way," said Chopleigh, warming to his theme. "Suppose we take the daylight factor as the measure of usability. Where the daylight factor—which is a mathematical term representing the ratio between the area of sky visible from a given point within the room and the area of sky visible when standing out of doors surrounded by a level horizon—where the daylight factor, or D.F. as we call it, exceeds one in five hundred—or it may be one in five thousand—then again the room is fit for occupation for any trade or profession other than—"

"Don't say all that again," said Dibdin.

"Well, you can't see any sky at all," said Lambswol. "So it's not fit."



"From a given point, remember," said Chopleigh. "You can't see any sky where you're standing, but try lying on your back over there by the filing cabinet, with your head slightly to the left of the waste-paper basket. Go on, man, don't worry about your suit. That's right. Now what can you see?"

"The underside of the table," said Lambswool.

"Move a bit farther over. Now?"

"By jove, yes, it does look remarkably like sky."

"It is sky," said Chopleigh, proudly.

"Let's see," said Miss Beamish, incredulously.

"What on earth!" said Pinmill, coming in at that moment. "Lambswool, what are you doing? Miss Beamish, get up this minute. Suppose the head of the department were to come in! Dibdin, what is the explanation of this?"

Dibdin explained.

"Dark!" said Pinmill. "What nonsense! It's a beautiful room—light, spacious and airy. I wish I could be out here, instead of boxed up in that little cubby-hole of mine. And what do you want to see the sky for, anyway?"

"Very true, Mr. Pinmill," said Dibdin, trying to redeem himself. "I've seen it plenty of times. There's nothing special about it, nothing special at all."

"Of course there isn't," said Pinmill, dismissing the subject. "Confound it all, you've made me forget what I came in for with all this buffoonery. I know I was going to tell you to drop everything and concentrate on something or other. Never mind, I expect it will come back to me sooner or later."

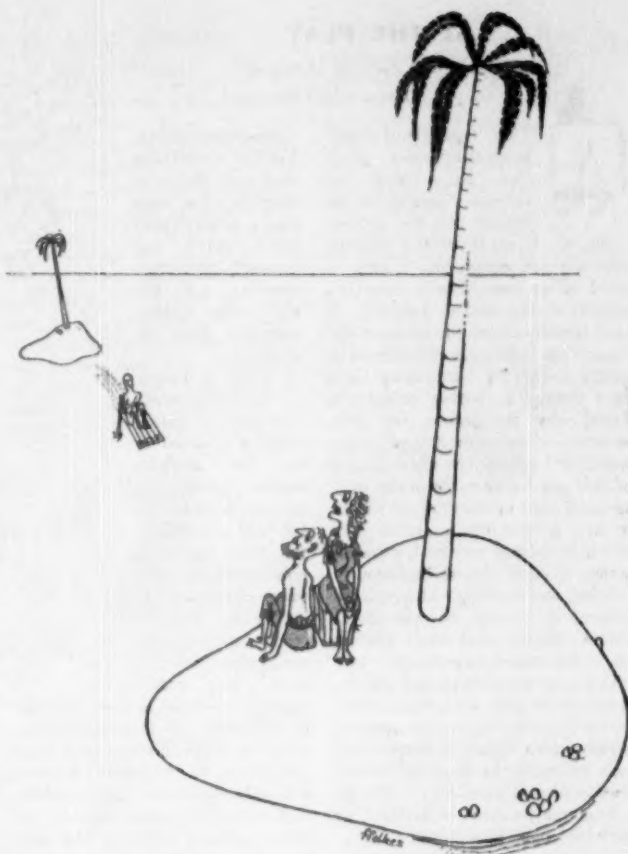
"In the meantime we'll concentrate on it anyway, Mr. Pinmill," said Dibdin, very much on his toes.

"Quite, quite," said Pinmill, absentmindedly, and strolled off stroking his chin thoughtfully.

"I still think it's dark," said Oxshott.

"Renée is a grandmother of 47, and mother of four."—*Daily Express*

Hats off to the second generation!



"I hope he isn't coming over to borrow anything."

TIME TO SLEEP

I'M late for everything, I'm always late;
I woke when dawn's left hand was in the sky,
But then the soporific hand of fate
Smoothed out my pillow, and the dawn went by.

I woke when midday on his fiery feet
Strode in the heavens, where sweet dawn had lain;
The hand of Slumber grasped me by the seat,
And restfully I sank to sleep again.

I woke by creeping-shadowed afternoon,
But languor tempted me, and so I slept.
I woke again; the silver-sandalled moon
Above the chimneys of the gasworks leapt.

And then I thought, It is too late to weep;
The night is on me. It is time to sheep. R. P. LISTER

AT THE PLAY

Seagulls over Sorrento (APOLLO)*Golden City* (ADELPHI)

AFTER a gaggle of rather infuriating new plays that have rung the changes dismally on the syrupy and the pretentious, Mr. HUGH HASTINGS' *Seagulls over Sorrento* comes like a pint of good bitter beer after a reluctant sipping of the stickier liqueurs. A racy comedy about the male animal mewed up, it has an undercurrent of gentle humanity that more than once brings it within a cable's length—for its heroes are able seamen—of being a serious play. Inability to judge the exact length of this particular cable is the only material sign of uncertainty shown by the author during three acts which, in spite of very little physical action, he keeps almost continuously amusing and exciting. Although his sailors, shut into an old naval fortress off Scotland while waiting for a top-secret experiment, talk with a salty naturalness that puts us instantly at ease with them, they have a habit at unlikely moments of mooning into slightly embarrassing speculations on the whys and wherefores of mortal perplexity. Far be it from me to deny philosophy to mariners, but these indulge them-

selves unseasonably. Yet it is a weakness that can easily be forgiven for the play's strength and gusto, and for the more effective commentary on life which often springs unspoken from its situations.

There is danger in the experiment. One man is killed, another assumed so by his anxious mates before he staggers back in dishevelled triumph. In this lies the main tension; on a lesser level are a bullying petty officer, stoutly resisted, and domestic and other complications. What is best, however, is the study of lower-deck character, so sharp and true that many are likely to recapture from it some of the almost forgotten companionable compensations of the war. Nothing will stop this play running. It made me laugh more abominably than anything has done for months.

And who could possibly improve on Mr. RONALD SHINER and Mr. BERNARD LEE as the old sweats? Their acid duet is a joy. Mr. NIGEL STOCK, as a nerry foundling aghast at kindness, and Mr. JOHN GREGSON, as an embittered but charming boy from the Gorbals, are an excellent pair of second fiddles; and Mr. PETER GRAY, Mr. ROBERT DESMOND, Mr. GERALD ANDERSEN and Mr. DAVID LANGTON make up a cast that carries entire conviction. The whole outfit has been smartly piped aboard by Mr. WALLACE DOUGLAS. One query: wouldn't it be better if the dead man's letter were marked "To be opened in case of accident," as he cannot have known for certain he was going to be killed?

*Golden City*

Local Colour

Mabel Page—Miss ELEANOR SUMMERFIELD
and Zulu Fire Dancers

Which leaves less space than it deserves to say that Mr. JOHN TORÉ's *Golden City* is a romantic musical with much in its favour. Parts of this nostalgic melodrama of the gold rush in South Africa are a little slow, parts a little sugary, but thanks to Miss AUDREY CRUDDAS it is nearly always good to look at, and thanks to Mr. MICHAEL BENTHALL and Mr. ROBERT HELPMANN it has unusual style and life. Music, pleasant; dancing, in particular the magnificent war-rump of arsonical Zulus, capital. There are sound voices, and as a slimmer Mae West of the time Miss ELEANOR SUMMERFIELD gets high marks for everything except throwing oranges.

Recommended

You will find politics fairly and dramatically handled in *His Excellency* (Princes). Eric Portman brilliant. *The Holly and the Ivy* (Duchess) is a family play full of understanding, and in *Touch and Go* (Prince of Wales) you have American revue very much on its toes.

ERIC KEOWN

*Seagulls over Sorrento*

All Shipshape

Able Seaman Badger—MR. RONALD SHINER; Petty Officer Herbert—MR. WILLIAM HARTNELL

POETS, PIRATES, PEERS AND OTHERS

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company (SADLER'S WELLS)

EVERY GILBERT-and-SULLIVAN enthusiast has encountered the type of person who "wants to know what on earth you can see in all that stuff." After trying vainly to describe the visions of the *Lord Chancellor*, the *Duke of Plaza Toro* and *Pook-Bah* that float tantalizingly before his inner eye he gives up all attempts to explain what it is that he sees and subsides into reminiscent chuckles, leaving his questioner no wiser than before. GILBERT's world is like no other, being simply the world as in your heart of hearts you hope it is; and SULLIVAN has used his peerless gifts of melody to enhance all its contradictory, preposterous and enchanting qualities.

There are, for instance, the gentlemen in *The Mikado* dressed in kimonos and mushroom-shaped hats

shirt-tails and with a total lack of nether garments except, perhaps, suspenders—you wouldn't recognize them at all. Similarly, everyone knows that members of the House of Lords always wear knee-breeches, ermine-trimmed cloaks and coronets, and no amount of evidence to the contrary makes the smallest difference. Again, we all have our ideas about poets, and about the lady aesthetes who form their entourage. These latter, it is true, now wear lank locks, slacks and sandals instead of being garbed à la Botticelli as in our grandmothers'



who affably introduce themselves when the curtain rises. "If you want to know who we are, we are gentlemen of Japan," they explain modestly, adding that you have made their acquaintance "on many a vase and jar, on many a screen and fan"—which is, of course, exactly where you have met them, and you recognize them at once; whereas were they to appear dressed in any of the fantastic varieties of Western costume affected by Japanese in their own country—top hats with plus fours, or trousers worn back to front, frock coats worn with floating

day; but poets themselves, like peers and Japanese—and, if it comes to that, policemen and fairies too—have not changed and never will. Nor has the fact of being English, which is still of course to be counted as greatly to one's credit. We are far too modest ever to mention it, but it is pleasant to be reminded of it none the less.

Taking all in all GILBERT and SULLIVAN provide a complete education in Englishness for anyone unfortunate enough to have been born a foreigner. Should he wish to know, for instance, how Dukes and Duchesses earn their living, how a Judge or a Lord Chancellor, a First Lord of the Admiralty or a Major-General rise to rank and fame, they are all ready to tell him with the most engaging frankness and with

music more entrancing than any outside the pages of Mozart. SULLIVAN's scores are studded with gems like the madrigal in *The Mikado* or the "song of the Merryman moping mum" from *The Yeomen of the Guard*—a ballad to bring a catch to your throat and to haunt you for days. And there is a parody of a Handel chorus in *Trial by Jury* more comically Handelian than anything Handel himself wrote, fairy

music in *Iolanthe* that might have been written in dew in an enchanted garden, and a thousand other delights.

The sad part of it is that the performances of the D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY reveal relatively little of the grace and charm of the Savoy Operas. Countless enchantments lie embalmed in the scores like lace-wings in amber, and may remain so until the copyrights expire. MARTYN GREEN's performances as the Major-General in *The Pirates of Penzance*, Jack Point in *The Yeomen of the Guard*, the Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe* and Reginald Bunthorne in *Patience* are a delight; but the standards as a whole are mediocre, the traditional "business" has become ossified and there is too little pace and perspective in the musical direction, while a hopelessly inadequate orchestra discourses thinly in the strings and with melancholy wheezings in the woodwind as of a superannuated hurdy-gurdy. But then . . .

D. C. B.



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, June 26th

So much had been said about the plan put forward by M. Schuman for the "integration" of the coal and steel industries of Western Europe that there seemed—until to-day—to be nothing more to say. But it was evident when the Commons assembled that there was going to be a good deal more to say, and that it would be said with vigour.

For the Conservatives, with the support of the Liberals, had tabled a motion "requesting" (of all words to be used by an Opposition!) that the Government go into the talks on the plan. This, added the motion, craftily, would be in the interests of full employment—a favourite touchstone of the Government side.

Mr. ANTHONY EDEN was given the task of commending the motion to the House, with a sort of one-man chorus of growled comments from Mr. CHURCHILL, which was continued—with a different inflexion—when Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS spoke for the Government, and it earned the Opposition's official leader a sharp rebuke from the Chancellor. He invited Mr. CHURCHILL either to keep quiet, or, if he had to talk, to go outside and do it. Mr. C. grinned good-humouredly and accepted the rebuke.

But before he fell silent he had described certain passages in Sir STAFFORD's speech as "Rot, bunkum, absolute rubbish, complete rubbish and humbug." So perhaps honours were easy after all.

Mr. EDEN kept the House crowded to the end of a necessarily long and detailed speech, which began with the observation that we sometimes stood too near to great events to be able to put them in perspective. Such, he thought, was the case with the Schuman Plan, which must succeed and which could not succeed without Great Britain's help and co-operation.

The word "supra-national"

came in for a good deal of attention—and a good many different pronunciations. Mr. EDEN called it "supra," with a short "a," Sir STAFFORD made it "supray," and others compromised on "super." Mr. EDEN declared the word to be a "hybrid monstrosity," anyway, and pointed out that it figured neither in the original French proposal nor in the British White Paper on the subject.

But, he added, with something of the air of the astute 'tec in the whodunit, he had found that the word was used—by Mr. FENNER BROCKWAY, now Member for Eton

wretched khaki document") which took precisely that line. It was Britain's rôle to lead, not to follow.

Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, great advocate that he is, made out so powerful a case against Britain's ever joining in an integration plan that it was puzzling to realize that he was, technically, moving an amendment commending the Government for its willingness to join the Schuman Plan. As to "supra-national," it was a convenient phrase—

"It is odious!" corrected Mr. CHURCHILL, firmly.

"Odious, but convenient," replied the Chancellor, suavely. "Things can be both—Oppositions, for instance!"

The Chancellor lengthened a good many faces behind him and broadened those opposite with two comments. The first was a mention of "the Labour Party, on whose support—*curiously enough*—this Government is based." The second was an implication that Party policy statements had little or no relation to the political and economic facts of life—or not Labour Party policy statements, anyway.

Then, after some rather ill-tempered exchanges between the respective back-benches, the debate was adjourned until to-morrow.

Tuesday, June 27th

With the debate on the Schuman Plan at a critical point, Mr. CHURCHILL was the unhappy victim of circumstance.

For some reason or other the microphones and loudspeakers became disconnected the moment he rose to speak, and they remained firmly "off" until Mr. ATTLEE got up to reply.

The result was all any opponent of Mr. CHURCHILL's could have wished. His speech was almost completely inaudible in the Gallery "where sat the Fourth Estate" and quite inaudible in the public gal-



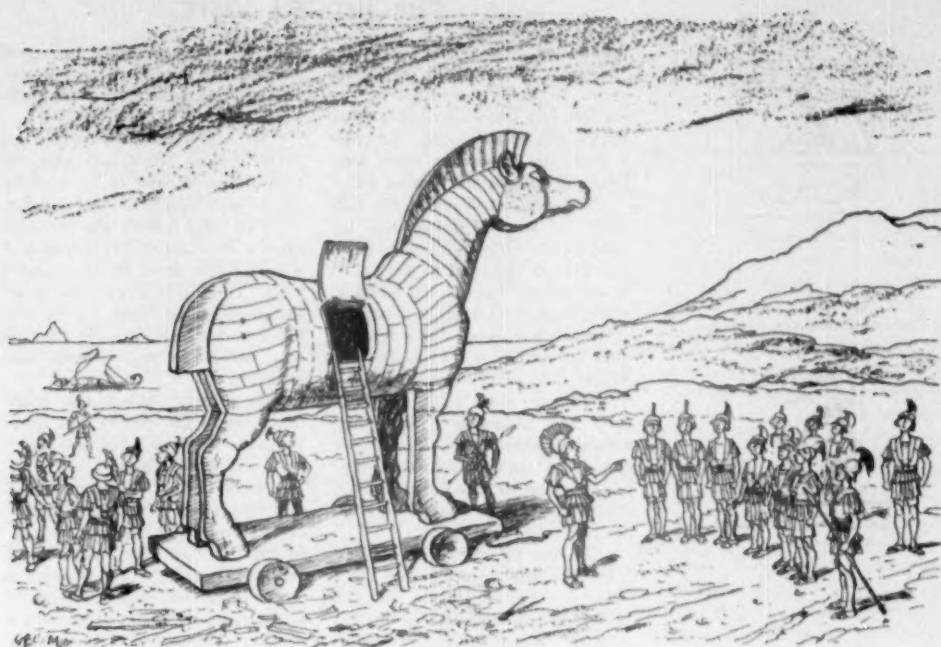
Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. R. J. G. Boothby
(Aberdeenshire, East)

and Slough, at a Labour Party conference two years ago. And the motion embodying the word (which was carried) advocated—what do you think?—international control of coal and steel.

Mr. FENNER BROCKWAY rose and said that he wanted Mr. EDEN "to emphasize that the resolution urged the socialization of these industries." He seemed surprised by the searing cheer this gained him from the Opposition and the beaming smile which was his reward from Mr. EDEN. For it happened that the very next charge Mr. EDEN levelled at the Government was that it would "play" only with other Socialist administrations.

This was proved, claimed Mr. EDEN, by the issue of the Labour Party's policy statement ("this



"And remember, men, if anyone has to cough—cough like a horse."

leries. Members of the public (who had, regardless of the rules, clapped when Mr. CHURCHILL rose) took on puzzled, half-angry expressions as a soft, characterless murmur came up from the Floor of the acoustically imperfect Chamber, and they realized that their hero was speaking unheard so far as they were concerned.

Your scribe heard only an odd word or phrase here and there and had (in common with most others) to base his impression of the speech on the description of it given later by the Prime Minister, who, wisely, had the mikes repaired before he rose to reply. From Mr. ATTLEE's description (which Mr. C. appeared not wholly to accept) it seemed that the speech had consisted of an attempt to make bad blood between Great Britain and France and also to make mischief between us and the Commonwealth countries. It was also a series of mis-statements and half-truths, completely misrepresent-

ing and distorting the Government's case, which was that the country could not go blindly into the Plan without knowing its implications.

Mr. CHURCHILL offered a series of angry corrections to this version (this time with the loudspeakers working), but Mr. ATTLEE, in cracking form, roused his followers to high enthusiasm, while Mr. CHURCHILL's sat it out. Then divisions were taken, the Government winning both—the first, on the Opposition motion, by 309 to 289; the second, on the Government amendment, by 309 to 296. A number of Conservatives who did not favour their Party's line liked still less the Government's self-praising amendment, and voted accordingly.

The Prime Minister interrupted the debate for a few moments to announce the decision of the United States Government (with which he agreed) to give active naval and military aid to the Government of Southern Korea, whose territory had

been invaded during the week-end by the forces of the Communist Government in Northern Korea. He promised to keep the House informed of all developments.

Wednesday, June 28th

Mr. ATTLEE made another statement about the position in Korea, saying that Great Britain would play its full part in supporting the United Nations. Some time later he broke into the debate (on miscellaneous financial matters) to announce that our naval forces in Japanese waters were to be "placed at the disposal" of the United States commanders.

In reply to Mr. CHURCHILL he added that the British forces were about equal to those of the U.S.A. Both Mr. CHURCHILL and Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES pledged their Parties' support to the Government in anything it considered necessary to meet the difficult situation.

House of Commons:
Korea

THE JUDGE'S VISIT



DOUGLAS

WE had been trying for a long time to persuade the High Court to hold a sessions at our station, but Uluska wasn't a place that appealed to judges. So twice a year our important cases were heard at a town sixty miles away.

The sergeant of police, the cash clerk, the hospital dresser and the head warder all had friends in town and always managed to get called as witnesses. They would go off in a jolly little party with the prisoners, the other witnesses and a few old men whose job it was to tell the judge about local customs, and we wouldn't see them again for days. But the prisoners who were acquitted always got home very quickly. Until the mail came, days later, we had to take their word for it that they had been let off and had not just escaped.

But now we had been promised a sessions of our own. The High Court would sit at Uluska, and the local parishioners would see justice at close quarters. The only thing we had to do, besides practising a guard of honour with our eight constables, was to build a suitable rest-house for the judge.

We sent for Juma bin Ali. Juma was one of those people upon whom British colonial administration depends. He was our only carpenter and mason: he made our bridges and prepared our roads. If there had been any plumbing at Uluska he would have plumbed to perfection, and when we lost the key of the strong-room door he made a replica in a couple of hours.

After a talk with our cash clerk Juma told us that we had a nice bit of money left over in the Paupers' and Destitutes' Vote which would come in handy for the judge's rest-house, so we told him to go ahead.

The rest-house was ready about a fortnight before the judge was due to arrive, and Juma invited some of his friends to see it. Unfortunately the veterinary guard, who owed Juma a goat, asked in an insolent sort of way if all British judges were under five feet in height, and weren't the doors a bit low! Juma, who was

four foot eleven and a half, was irritated by this; there were words, ending in an awkward incident with a crowbar.

We hoped the guard would get better, but he didn't, and there was poor Juma waiting to be tried by the judge whose house he had built.

Two days before the sessions' opening date the rains came on and a bridge fell down on the judge's road. There was no one else to fix things up except Juma, but we told him he must be back in time for his case, and we knew he wouldn't let us down.

He didn't. When the judge drove up, a bit muddy but quite cordial, there was Juma sitting in the back seat of his car.

"Good fellow of yours, this," said the judge. "I'd have had a nasty time at that river but for him. Interesting, too. My Swahili's not very good, but he's been telling me about some old case of yours in which an insult was avenged with a crowbar. It seems that there was a lot of provocation. He told me he had got something important on here, so I gave him a lift in."

Although we made Juma stand on a box and wear a fez to make him look taller the judge recognized him all right when he saw him in the dock. To make matters worse the judge had cracked his head twice on the rest-house doors.

We felt that if the judge had been better at the language this unfortunate state of affairs would not have arisen, but we couldn't tell him that. Nor could we do anything when he ordered Juma's case to be put off until the next sessions in the town.

So in due course Juma went off, but he didn't go alone. The sergeant of police, the chief warder, the cash clerk and the hospital dresser had all, it appeared, been present at the crowbar incident, which simply reeked of provocation.

Juma got off quite lightly, and it wasn't long before he came back. We were particularly glad to see him, as the office typewriter had been broken for three weeks and no one else knew how to mend it.

BOOKING OFFICE

About Themselves



SI become less and less desirous to achieve, I appreciate with more and more fullness and delicacy the process of mere being," wrote Catherine Carswell; and indeed an unusually sensitive awareness of the texture of life is evident in *Lying Awake*, the autobiography left unfinished when she died, and now put into shape with unobtrusive skill by Mr. John Carswell, her son. Parts of the jigsaw of odd papers he inherited could only be included as random thoughts, but this matters less since his mother's intention was rather to describe her development in youth and age, lightly bridging the two, than to give a full account of her journey; and although the result is haphazard, there comes out of it a remarkably vivid impression of a woman of uncommon sensibility who yet possessed a male toughness of intellect. Coming from pious merchant stock in Glasgow (even picnics were preceded by a verse of "Let us with a glad some mind"), but reared with singular freedom, she seems to have remained a Victorian in fibre while adapting herself with zest to a life which brought her much uncertainty and not enough of the recognition she deserved. For, as this modest book reminds us, she wrote exceedingly well, with a deep sense of poetry that was squared by a dry and practical humour. The letters prove her a wise critic, and she could catch character deftly, as when she says of a slightly deficient old cousin: "Stray facts alone remained like reefs half-showing here and there above the sea that submerged her past." Most of the portraits are of her own family. Lawrence is scarcely mentioned, though she notes her sadness when her publishers withdrew "The Savage Pilgrimage."

A small boy in a tram in Kansas City was overheard to ask "Say, Ma, what is an Otis Skinner?" to which Ma replied "I dunno, Son. Probably some kind of farm implement." The incident is lovingly recorded in *Happy Family*, in which Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner traces her antecedents and takes her own career as far as her début on Broadway. It is a charming and irreverent book that could hardly fail to have a certain quality of Clarence Day, for life with this father and mother was a liberal education. A wit said of Mother, "Maud, you weren't born. Barrie wrote you!" She was a fluttering and engaging bundle of contradictions, of innocence and guile; and Father was the kind of exciting parent who startled his womenfolk in the Roman theatre at Orange with an all-out rendering of "The Walrus and the Carpenter." This really was a happy family. Its attitude to the stage was serious and untemperamental. Miss Skinner is not ashamed to admit that she enjoyed every minute of her hilarious childhood, and her enjoyment is infectious. She writes as one imagines she talks, with warmth and an exhilarating whip of wit. *Happy Family* is a chain of good stories expertly told. But what, please, may be a "tencent stew"? No cookery book on this side of the Atlantic has the answer.

Mr. Jack Jones, miner turned successful novelist but wedded to his Welsh village, has had a harder life. *Give Me Back My Heart* is the final instalment of his autobiography. It covers the period from the end of the war until the grave illness that sent him home from New York to live more quietly but still, one hopes, to write. In this volume he loses his wife and one of his sons, and these domestic sorrows are recounted with a simple and moving candour. Honesty, of a rare and genuine kind, is his strongest suit. He tells us everything about himself and his feelings with an almost childish lack of reserve, and if sometimes he seems to lead us into *cul-de-sac*, what a powerful picture we get of the loves and squabbles, the endless ups and downs, the cheerfulness and courage that bind an ordinary family. Mr. Jones's subject is not only himself but humanity.

ERIC KEWNS

Gesta Dei Per Francos

The French Middle Ages with its profound faith in the "exploits wrought by God through the Franks" would have found Charles de Foucauld easier to canonize than St. Joan. For de Foucauld—cavalry officer, sensualist, Trappist, hermit, explorer, philologist and martyr—was recognized as a saint among saints from his conversion in 1896 to his murder in the Sahara in 1916. A world sharply divided on the propriety of the link between Christianity and colonial

GUSTAV
SWAPS

expansion will doubtless find the "Curé of the Touaregs" an ambiguous figure. He set out "to give lands to France and souls to God." The one meant the other. His measure of failure and success is the secondary theme of *Desert Calling*. The primary significance of Mrs. Anne Fremantle's well-documented and discerning biography is the response of an artist's and soldier's soul to a solitary's vocation. A somewhat Americanized style of showmanship exhibits a wholly unnecessary lack of confidence in the attractiveness of the theme itself.

H. P. E.

Two Tales of Possession

The new volume of Mr. Gerard Hopkins' admirable translation of M. Mauriac's novels contains two early tales. *A Kiss for the Leper* is a horrible story about an arranged marriage between a normal girl and the repellent son of a wealthy family. The author confidently assures us that his unfortunate heroine's trials brought her spiritual benefits; the sadism of his characterization is rather unpleasant. *Genetrix*, the famous study of a devouring mother, is much more impressive and can stand comparison with "Thérèse." All M. Mauriac's gifts are at full stretch here—his fertility in inventing character and situations to display it, his Conradian power of evoking the scenery and life of the Landes, his narrative vigour and his skill in dramatizing moral conflicts. His world has a grim grandeur, and, though many non-Catholics, and perhaps some Catholics, will not feel at home in it, most readers will be awed by the superb technique with which he presents it in the novel.

F. G. G. F.



Ubique

If the infantry are still "queen of the battlefield," no one will deny the Royal Artillery at least the title of Prince Consort. "The harder the fighting," Lord Montgomery wrote, "and the longer the war, the more the infantry, and in fact all the arms, lean on the gunners." *The Royal Artillery Commemoration Book 1939-1945* strikingly emphasizes this universality in its survey of the part played by the Royal Regiment—Horse, Field, "Ack-Ack," Anti-tank, and all the other professions practised beneath the R.A. cap-badge—during the last war. It ranges from the first alarms of 1939 to the last shots in the Far East; schools, staffs, technical establishments, those isolated garrisons that filled the chinks in our strategy between the major theatres—all have been remembered. There are no detailed accounts of campaigns; instead they are vividly illustrated by a well-chosen mosaic of personal narratives, "background stories," maps, drawings and photographs. The sumptuous production is well worthy of its contents.

B. A. Y.

Period Piece

In *A Young Man With Ideas* Mary Ann Gibbs (this name, so the publishers tell us, "masks the identity" of another writer) gives us a pleasant portrait of a family during the year of the Great Exhibition. The young man is a footman, and his ideas, according to the lights of servants' hall and drawing-room, are above his station, though Rory, a daughter of the house, sees him with clearer-sighted eyes. Though the ending is obvious, since we are let into secrets a little too early, the book depends more on flavour than suspense, and the flavour is delicate. The descriptions of all the young characters—particularly of the dashing and enchanting fifteen-year-old Arabella and the account of the opening of the exhibition—are the highlights of a gay and airy story.

B. E. B.

Books Reviewed Above

- Lying Awake*. Catherine Carswell. (Secker and Warburg, 15/-)
Happy Family. Cornelia Otis Skinner. (Constable, 15/-)
Give Me Back My Heart. Jack Jones. (Hamish Hamilton, 12/6)
Desert Calling: The Life of Charles de Foucauld. Anne Fremantle. (Hollis and Carter, 15/-)
A Kiss for the Leper and *Genetrix*. François Mauriac. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 9/-)
The Royal Artillery Commemoration Book, 1939-1945. (Bell, £5 5s; all profits to R.A. charities.)
A Young Man With Ideas. Mary Ann Gibbs. (Peter Davies, 9/6)

Other Recommended Books

- You Were There*. Caryl Brahms and the late S. J. Simon. (Michael Joseph, 10/6) Good jokes, unlikely characters, a feeling for period and a competently controlled craziness make this one of the best of the recent Brahms-Simon extravaganzas. It is and that there will be no more.
A Murder is Announced. Agatha Christie. (Crime Club, 8/6) The great lady's fiftieth whodunit is a village affair, solved by Miss Marple. Ingeniously misleading as ever; climax rather more contrived than usual (it suddenly emerges that Miss M. can imitate voices).

COUSIN CORLISS

"GEORGE," began Patsy, as she poured coffee.

"Yes!" said George.

"When you were a little boy did you want to be an artist?"

"No," said George.

"Oh," Patsy regarded him thoughtfully. "Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. Why?"

"I've had your handwriting analysed," said Patsy. "By Cousin Corliss of the magazine I take."

"Now, look here—" began George.

"Only for fun," said Patsy.

"Of course, I don't believe a word of it. But she says that the way you do commas shows you have no eye for colour, which is the psychological result of your thwarted childhood desire to be an artist."

"I had no thwarted desire to be an artist," said George. "I do not want to be an artist. I once wanted to join the Foreign Legion but that has nothing to do with it. I fail to see how she makes her deduction from my commas."

"It's the way you do them," said Patsy.

"How do I do them?" demanded George.

"I can't remember," said Patsy.

"It's just what Cousin Corliss says."

"Then she doesn't know her job," said George. "I have a very good eye for colour."

"I don't think you have," said Patsy.

"Yes, I have," said George. "I often see women wearing colours that I know are all wrong."

"What colours do you like then?"

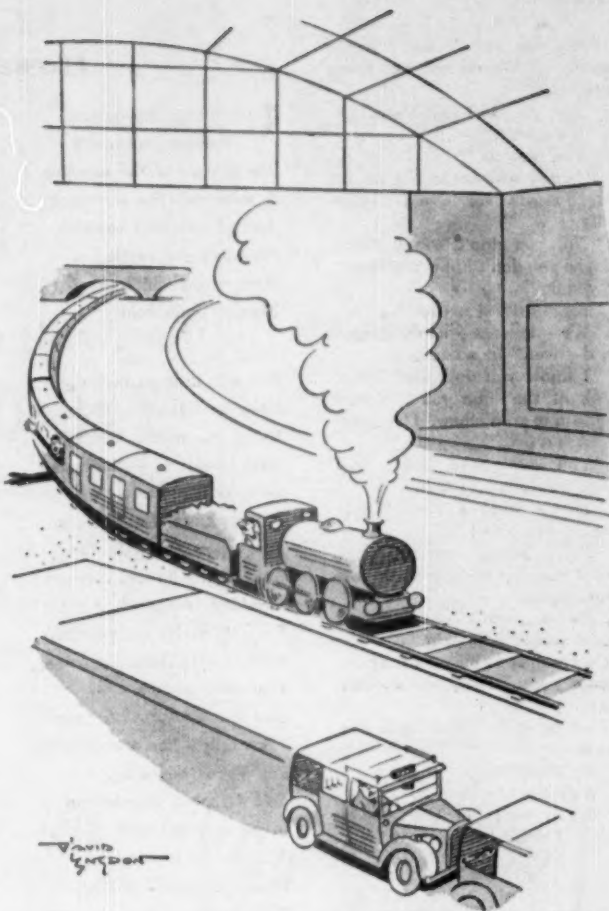
"Well," said George, "I like different colours on different women."

"What colours do you like on other women that you don't like on me?" asked Patsy.

"I like all colours on you," said George hastily. "They all look the same on you."

"What do you mean, they all look the same on me?" asked Patsy.

"I mean they all look nice on you. All of them. All colours. They all look just as nice as each other. They all look as nice on you as on anyone else. They all—"



"Taxi!!"

"Then," said Patsy, "Cousin Corliss is right. You have no eye for colour."

George opened his mouth. Then closed it. There was silence.

"But the way you do full stops," said Patsy presently, "shows you have an exceptionally strong sense of humour."

"Ah, well," said George. "Well, perhaps—as a matter of fact, people have sometimes said . . ." He paused.

"And you have high moral courage," said Patsy, "because you

put little twiddles on the tails of your Ys."

"Really?" said George.

"Although, of course," continued Patsy, "as I said, I don't believe a word of it."

"Oh. No, of course not," said George. "Of course not."

"But you also put little twiddles on the tails of your Gs."

"What does that mean?" asked George suspiciously.

"Just like other men," said Patsy, "you enjoy being fussed over."

"We do not," said George heatedly. "We do not like being fussed over."

"Yes, you do," said Patsy.

"We do not."

"Yes, you do."

"I know whether or not we like being fussed over," said George loudly.

"No, you don't," said Patsy. "Maybe you don't know you like it, but you do."

George gritted his teeth.

"We—do—not—like—being—fussed—over," he snarled.

"I know you do," said Patsy. "Look at the time you had that little pain in your elbow. I've never seen such a fuss."

"You made the fuss," said George furiously. "I didn't."

"That's what I mean," said Patsy. "You loved it."

"No, I didn't," roared George. "And it wasn't a little pain. It was searing agony."

"No it wasn't," said Patsy. "It was just a little pain."

George opened his mouth again. Closed it again. There was another silence.

Then he said: "Have you had yours done?"

"No," said Patsy.

"Why not?"

"It's a waste of time," said Patsy. "I don't believe in it."

§ §

"During intervals parties were conducted round the Minister."

Nottingham paper

To see which way he was facing!

FLOWER SHOW

UP spring the daisies,
Scabious, tormentil,
The grasses of the meadow.
A mist web the sun draws,
And all the field sparkles.
Banished are cattle,
Mowers and children,
Flowers open boldly.

But not heat-enamelled
Skies stretch above them
But a low canvas ceiling
That strains at its hawsers,
Dim, as if ominous
Storms hung the heavens,
For yellow the light falls,
And all the flowers close up
Thinking it night.
Then up stalks the postman
With a bald, blond marrow
Vast as a porker.
And the Rector with roses:
"Butterfly" like a shell blown
For Venus alighting,
And "General MacArthur"
In crimson and gold.
Children are jostling
With jam jars of wilting
Wild flowers still close-pressed,
As if by hot hands.
All up the tables

A garden has blossomed,
And red as their roses
The set village faces
Bend down to the task.

Then following the holy
Moment of judging,
Blasphemous, they pour in
To doubt each decision.
"Not a first for them 'taters
Scabby and weevilled?
Mine, clean as the dog's bone,
Have nobbut a third!"

Then dawdling, delaying,
Clutching their prize cups,
And licking with parched tongues
The last of ice creams,
They have gone, and the field sighs,
The crushed grass arises,
And of prize rose and proud rose
No vestige remains.

Only a petal
That blows where the tents stood,
And only a prize card
That wind and rain bleaches.
But high in the hedges
The bland wild rose clusters,
Neglected, unnoticed,
The sire of them all.



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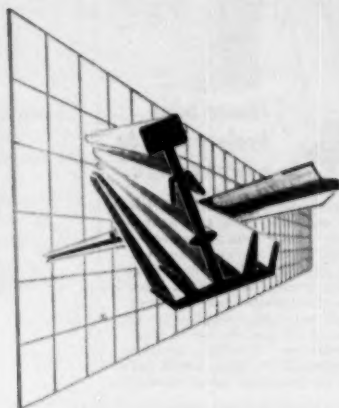
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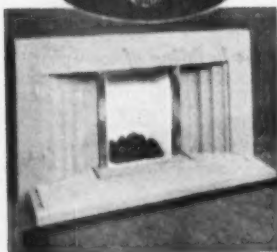
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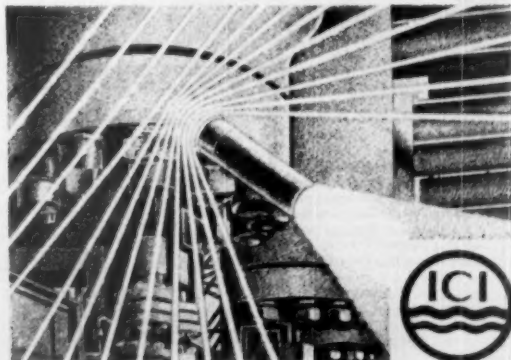


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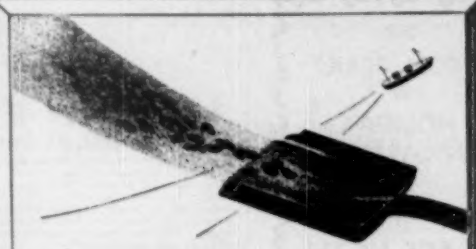
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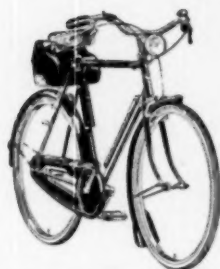
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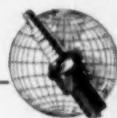
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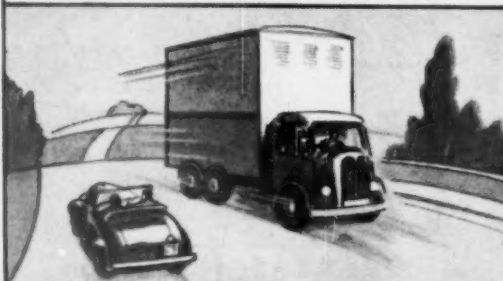
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A SUDDEN BURST LEADS TO A
STRAIGHT CONTROLLED STOP!**

Tyre bursts come like a bolt from the blue. Without warning. There's a loud report, and your car gives a nasty swerve. If you're driving in traffic, or if your car leaves the road, you may well have a serious accident.

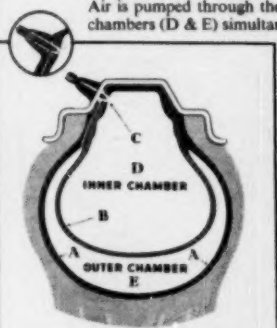
That is the old story. Now, with the arrival on the market of Goodyear's revolutionary new Lifeguard Safety Tube, tyre bursts become as harmless as a slow leak. This strongly built twin-chamber inner tube outlasts as many as three normal tubes. It is an economical and very practical life insurance. It will bring new peace of mind to every motorist, especially the family-man.

HOW THE LIFEGUARD WORKS

The Lifeguard consists of a normal rubber outerwall (A), a strong 2-ply inner tube (B), and a patented 2-way valve (C).

Air is pumped through the valve, and inflates the inner and outer chambers (D & E) simultaneously. The 2-way valve also acts as a pressure equaliser vent, through which air can pass between the two chambers. Because pressure is equal in chambers D & E, the free-floating inner tube moves clean away from any sharp object that pierces through to it.

As a result, when the tyre cover and outer wall of the tube give way or explode, the weight on that wheel is carried by the inner tube, inside which 60% of the air is safely held. Axle drop is so slight that there is no instability, and no dangerous swerve. You simply bring the car to a gradual, straight stop, in complete safety.



LIFEGUARD

**SAFETY
TUBES**

by **GOOD YEAR**



FOR YOUR FAMILY'S SAKE — FIT THEM NOW!